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A SAD BUT TRUE STORY.

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One silent summer eve, made fair
  By many a lovely star,
I rambled forth to take the air,
  Smoking a good segar;
To puff away my cares I sought,
  To reverie inclined,
When there was suddenly a thought
  Presented to my mind—
How grateful should I be to-night,
Who feel not destitution's blight;
How many in this town there be
Who gladly would exchange with me

My heart was full of feelings kind
  For all humanity—
The poor, the sick, the lame, the blind,
  All shared my sympathy—
When suddenly a voice fell on my ears,
  A trembling voice and low,
Like that of one who checks the tears
  That seek to overflow—
I raised my eyes and saw a man,
With threadbare garb and visage wan;
Said he: "Kind sir, some help, I pray,
No food has passed my lips to-day."

I did not shrink nor hesitate,
  But with a right good will,
To him who did expectant wait,
  I gave a dollar bill.
He gazed a moment on the gift
  So freely tendered him,
And then his eyes I saw him lift—
  Those eyes with tears were dim—
"Oh thank me not, my friend," said I,
"For such a scanty charity;
Unto my humble offering
You're welcome as the flowers of spring."

He shook my hand, and rapidly
  From me I saw him go,
When some strange impulse prompted me
  To see what he would do.
As down the street he quickly went
  I followed in his track;
He, not suspecting my intent,
  Ne'er thought of looking back.
He had not traveled far before
He halted at a tavern door,
And, to my great astonishment,
Inside the house he quickly went.

The angry feelings of my heart
  May not in verse be told—
It pierced me like an iron dart
  To know that I was sold—
For as I passed the door ajar,
  And brought him into view,
He called six men up to the bar
  And put the party through.
Now if I on the street should be
Besought again for charity,
I'll treat it as a splendid joke,
And keep my money in my poke.

LONDON AFTER DARK.

On this Tale is Founded the Popular Drama.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEW OBSTACLES TO BE SURMOUNTED—THE ENERGY OF ORDER.

Millington was very anxious to know how matters were proceeding at "The Laurels." He had promised Richard Brandon not again to go thither, without any intention of keeping his word, because it was necessary that Walter should be allowed no opportunity to swerve from that marriage, which he who had first planned it was still determined should take effect. Richard Brandon would not even suspect him of going thither, believing that all motive for such a step had been removed. About to set forth on his way to the villa, on the same evening that occurred there the events related in the last preceding chapter, he was very agreeably surprised by the unexpected appearance before him of Sharkey Morris. Millington had spoken truly at the tavern when saying that his associate in crime was not then in London. The assertion, however, that Morris had in his possession the document which Millington was engaging to surrender was a complete falsehood. That important document had never left Millington's own keeping, and was lying snugly in the breast pocket of his coat at the very time of his interview with the man to whom he had promised to deliver it. Millington's true reason for that delay of three days which he had demanded was, that without Sharkey Morris the terrible purpose on which he had resolved could not be accomplished.

"Here I am again, you see," said Morris.

"And before your time," said Millington, "for I was not to expect your return until to-morrow."

"No, but the chap as we was going to nab shelled out, paid up like a man, and saved all bother."

"Well, Sharkey, old boy, I can only say that I was never more delighted to see you in all my life."

"Vy, vy?" anxiously inquired Morris; "anything gone wrong while I have been away?"

"Yes, but nothing that I cannot put right again."

"For gracious goodness sake, what has happened?"

"In the first place, Richard Brandon, the real Simon Pure, is in London, and has discovered all about the little game we have had in progress."

"Then we are done for!" cried Morris, in a great fright, "and all the money that I have been fool enough to advance is lost and gone. Oh, what a fool I was! I might have knowed how it would be."

"I don't see how," quietly responded Millington, "since I, who am far more knowing than you, never dreamed of such an interruption to our proceedings."

"Well, it's all over, so there is no use in talking any more about it."

"All over," smiled Millington; "no, indeed, it is only just beginning."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, in the first place, Richard Brandon is prepared to give a thousand pounds for that particular paper which his brother signed."

"Come, now, that's something," cried Morris, comforted and consoled.

"Yes," returned Millington, "certainly it is something, but not enough."

"But it we can't have more?"

"But we will have more, Sharkey; we will have all which we promised ourselves when we determined on that marriage."

"I don't see how."

"I am not surprised at that. Listen, Sharkey."

"Go on, I'm a listening."

"I am to deliver up that paper to Richard Brandon, and to receive the thousand pounds he is to pay for it at your Music Hall."

"Well?"

"Well! don't you see? haven't you understood?"

"Understood what?"

Millington whispered a few words to Sharkey, who turned very pale and shook all over.

"No, no, not that—it's too dangerous—I dare not."

"Coward! hear all I have to say and you will see that we run not the slightest risk of detection."

"Ah! if I was only sure of that, sooner than lose all that money, vy, perhaps——"

"Come along; we must go now and see how affairs are at the villa, and, by the way, I will make you acquainted with my whole scheme, and convince you that your neck will be in no danger of a halter."

"Don't talk like that, Millington, pray don't, for I am shaking all over like a lump of jelly."

The conversation that passed between these two men as they wended their way towards Mr. Summerford's residence we need not give ourselves the trouble to relate, since all that was to result from it will soon be known to us.

They had reached to within about fifty yards of "The Laurels" when to their surprise they encountered Walter Brandon, rapidly making his way from the house to which those two had been proceeding.

"Stop, stop, my fine fellow," Millington accosted Walter; "do you usually walk at such a devil of a rate? If so, you should give quiet pedestrians warning of your coming, that for their own safety they may leave you a clear path."

"Perhaps the house is on fire and he is going for the engine," said Sharkey, making a poor attempt to be facetious, for his mind misgave him that he was about to hear some more unpleasant tidings.

"What is the matter with you? What has happened? Why don't you speak?" Millington said impatiently to young Brandon, whose agitation, increased by his unexpected meeting then with those two men, had for a few moments deprived him of the power to utter a single word.

Still, without attempting to speak, Walter made an effort to dash past those two who were blocking the way against him.

But Millington fastened on him with a strong hand, and Walter, after one brief and vain attempt to free himself, ceased to struggle.

"What has come to you, man," angrily demanded Millington. "Whither would you go?"

"Anywhere, to the world's end—out of the world," now distractedly cried Walter.

"What then is the matter?" anxiously inquired Millington.

VELOCIPEDE RACE AT ST. CLOUD, MAY 31, 1868.

"I shall lose every farthing of my money, I can see that," inwardly groaned Morris.

"Heartless villains! that could for your own the ends so torture me, so rack my soul with the agony of remorse."

"Explain this to me, my friend," said Millington, "for may I perish this moment if I know what you are talking about."

"And I wish I may die, if it ain't a puzzler to me," said Sharkey.

"You told me that Eliza was dead."

"And so she is," replied Millington.

"Yes, of course she's dead, drown-ded," said Sharkey.

"Dare you repeat to me that detestable lie?"

"Curb your tongue, young fellow, or——"

"A lie, I say again, a lie, for I—"

"Well, what?"

"I have seen her."

"You are mad!"

"Perhaps her ghost has appeared to him," muttered Morris.

"I tell you, I have seen and spoken to her."

"Impossible," cried Millington, considerably staggered.

"Even now she is yonder, in that house, to which no more shall I return."

Millington and his friend were confounded with astonishment.

"I tell you," said the former, "but that which I believed to be the truth, and if your senses have not played you false, if she be indeed living——"

"Oh, when I beheld her there, my brain reeled, my heart stood still, and I——"

"Fairly unbosomed yourself, I suppose, and confessed everything to the old merchant," ragefully cried Millington.

"Yes, yes, it's all up," groaned Sharkey Morris.

"No," said Walter, "he knows nothing; nor is it needed now that I should tell him how shamefully his generous, trusting nature has been abused."

"You are right; there is not the least occasion for such a ridiculous and mischievous proceeding," said Millington, in high satisfaction.

"No, for he will never see me more; I will fly now, at once, far from London, and beyond your reach."

"You will find that difficult, I fancy."

"Come the worst, I can but die, and heaven knows that I am weary of my life. Stand aside, let me go, let me go."

"Yes, certainly," returned Millington, "go by all means, if you desire it. Good night!"

He left the path free to Walter, who, without another word, dashed past the two men and fled away.

"There," cried Sharkey Morris, stamping about the pavement, "now it is all over. That did you let him go for; he'll take himself out of the way, there will be an exposure and we shall be the only victims."

"What a short sighted idiot you are, Sharkey!"

"Yes, I know I am an idiot to be done out of my money in such an easy way. And his brother will hear of what has happened, and then he won't care about the paper and we shan't get even that thousand pounds."

"Cease your howling; Walter is still as securely ours as though nothing of all that he has told us had occurred."

"How do you make that out?"

"Are you so stupid as to imagine that Walter Brandon will be able to make up his mind to quit London without his dear Eliza?"

"Eh!" cried Sharkey, brightening up, "pon my vord I think you are right."

"When am I wrong?" smiled Millington.

"But now I think of it," said Morris, all his former uneasiness returning, "that doesn't mend our case."

"How is that?"

"Vy, if he wants Eliza to leave London with him, she'll be ready enough to do it."

"I shall take care, however, that she does not."

"What will you do?"

"You will know all in good time. At present I shall say only that I am not easily to be baffled in aught that I will to do, and the marriage that I have planned shall yet take place, and all the profit that we have promised ourselves from it must surely will we realize."

"Well, Mill., I know that when vonce you have begun anything, you are the chap to go through with it."

"Yes, and I am about to give you another proof that I do not hesitate at trifles."

"And I ain't particular myself, so long as I do not run no danger of being found out."

"I am quite sick of your poltroonery, Sharkey."

"It aint my fault if I was born with a nervous constitution."

"And after all it doesn't much matter, for you cannot help but follow as I shall choose to lead."

"Well, how are you going to manage in this new state of affairs?"

"Oh, be not alarmed; my plans are already formed concerning that."

"What a chap you are!" admiringly cried Sharkey. "You have, as I desired, found employment for old Boozey?" questioned Millington.

"Yes, I send him out with my bill boards, and find him other odd jobs."

"Then if I go straight away to your establishment——"

"You are sure to catch him; he is always back soon after dark."

"Very good."

"But what did you want me to give him work for?"

"Well, I have a particular reason for taking an interest in the old fellow."

"Yell, tell us?"

"No," shortly and sharply answered Millington. "There is a secret connected with that which must remain locked within my own breast."

"Thes," thought Morris, "I shall try to find it out for myself."

"I will tell you only that I have kept old Boozey within my reach for an occasion——"

"Yes?"

"Which has this evening presented itself. While I go in search of him, do you remain here and await the coming forth of Eliza, who is not at all likely to be long before she leaves the villa, and as she has never seen you, you must accost her, and——"

"Well, but," cried Sharkey, his uneasiness, as he called it, returning again, "I have just thought if Walter has said nothing, she may not have followed his example."

"She could not tell of the cheat we are practising on Summerford, for she knows nothing about it. I took care that Walter should not be fully informed till I had got him safely out of her clutches. All that she could tell, as I should manage with old Summerford, would have no power in breaking off the marriage."

"Vell, I hope so. But what am I to say to the gal when she comes out?"

"Draw nearer, Sharkey, and listen. And mark well my words, for the slightest mistake would frustrate everything."

CHAPTER XXII.

WALTER AND HIS TEMPTERS—MR. SUMMERFORD'S ESTABLISHMENT IN A VERY UNSETTLED STATE.

Hurrying from the villa, Walter, in the hall, ran full butt against the retired merchant and sent him rolling till he was stopped by his back bumping against the hall door.

"For goodness' sake, what is the matter?" cried Summerford, observing the young man's wild and scared looks.

Walter spoke no word in reply, but, not urgently, drew the merchant from the door, opened it and darted forth. Summerford, in great alarm, hastily reclosed the door, and rolled up stairs as fast as he could in search of his daughter.

"Has something dreadful happened?" he demanded of Louisa. "Have you done something to drive him mad? what is it—oh? what is it?"

But Louisa was almost as much in the dark as her father. All she could do was to tell Mr. Summerford of Eliza's arrival, and of that young girl's strange words and mysterious conduct during the few hours that she had been in the house. Then she related how she had found Eliza and the supposed Richard Brandon together in that room and told how strangely they both had acted. All that occupied a considerable time in the telling, for Louisa was too astounded and bewildered by what had occurred to be anything like concise in her narrative, to say nothing of the many interruptions she received from her father, who rolled about the room, groaning and gesticulating in a manner not to be described. And at last, when he had heard all that Louisa could say on the subject:—

"I am just as wise now about it all as I was before," said Summerford. "Why did Richard go out of the house in that sort of way, sending me bump against the door and knocking all the breath out of my body? And where is he gone? Isn't he coming back to marry you, my child?"

"He may come back, if he pleases," thought Louisa, "but if, after this, my father still expects me to entertain an idea of becoming the gentleman's wife, there is a very great disappointment in store for him."

"What are we to do, Louisa?" petulantly cried Summerford; "why don't you say what we are to do?"

"I don't see, father, that we can do anything."

"Then more shame for you."

"Except, perhaps——"

"Ah, yes?"

"Question the poor girl who has been the cause of——"

"True! To be sure!"

"Though I doubt if we shall be any the wiser for what she will say."

"Oh, but I will make her speak—she shall—if she doesn't I'll lock her up."

"Lock her up, indeed," laughed Louisa. "What for?—she hasn't stolen anything?"

"No, but she has turned my house and everybody about it, topsy-turvy—has driven me out of my wits."

"I am afraid, father," said Louisa, still laughing, that those are charges upon which no policeman would take her into custody. But, come along, let's go to her."

Mr. Summerford and his daughter passed through several rooms without seeing anything of Eliza, and reached at length that one to which the poor girl had been conducted, in order that she might don the attire in which Louisa had so greatly admired her.

And no sooner was that apartment gained than—

"She is gone!—she is gone!" exclaimed Miss Summerford.

"How do you know? how do you know?" hastily cried the merchant.

Louisa pointed to a white dress lying across a chair, and had no difficulty in divining what was indeed the fact.

Eliza had returned to that room to cast from her the white dress in which Miss Summerford had insisted on clothing her, had resumed her own poor apparel and had escaped from the house.

"Poor girl!" pityingly murmured Louisa.

"Don't dare to pity her," angrily cried Summerford. "Who is she? How dare she come here to ruin all my hopes and send me raving mad!"

"It is a most mysterious business altogether," said Louisa, "and I am dying with curiosity to know what it all means."

"And I am dying with exhaustion," responded the merchant, "such dreadful shocks are too much for a man at my time of life; so, so—come along, Loo, let's go to dinner; it's now more than an hour past our usual time and I am ready to drop."

The confusion and excitement that had reigned above stairs soon became known to the household below, though very imperfect and incorrect was the information that had traveled down stairs respecting the commotion in the higher regions. And soon the hubbub below far exceeded that which, at its very worst, had prevailed above.

"Oh, the worthless hussy, to come here and make all this mischief!" stormed Betsy Greesby. "My first notion of her was right, when I made up my mind that she was a bad 'un, and if I wasn't a good natured fool and so easy led away, all this dreadful business wouldn't have happened, and I shouldn't have had to keep the dinner waiting about till everything was as dry as chips."

"Ah, well," said the butler, endeavoring to teach himself resignation, "it can't be helped now, and we can't say it was our fault."

"Our fault," broke forth the cook; no, "but it was your fault, Mr. Seller, and you ought to be ashamed to show your face anywhere after this!"

"Good gracious, Betsy!" cried the flabbergasted butler, "what can you mean?"

"Don't Betsy me, sir. I see now how I have been deluded, and what a fool I was to let them persuade me that what I had been told before about you and that girl was only a joke; it was all true enough; that was she, and it was your artful contrivance to bring her into the house, and to hoodwink me. Oh, you shameless villain! I wouldn't mind taking a long journey to go and see you hanged, that I wouldn't!"

"Come, come, Elizabeth," chafed the butler, "I can put up with a good deal from a woman——"

"A woman! who do you call a woman?"

"But when you come to talk to me in this sort of way, lowering my dignity before all the servants, and teaching them to treat me with disrespect, it's more than mortal man could put up with," raged the butler, glancing round upon the listening domestics, and feeling out to the soul as he saw that the kitchenmaid had a broad grin on her grimy countenance.

"Don't think to carry it off in that way," said Betsy, with a savage sneer; "I understand it all well enough, and you and that impudent Mr. Grover understood one another; it was all settled between you; you told him to write that letter to blind me—yes, yes, I know! But you see, I am not so stupid as you thought I was."

"It's all your cousin's fault, that's the truth of the matter," shouted the butler; "and she ought to have known better than give a character to a girl like that."

"I don't believe she did; it's my opinion that she knows nothing about it, and that it was a plot of yours and of that fellow Grover's, who is just as bad as you are."

"You seemed to think a good deal of him though when he was here the other night," spitefully cried Mr. Seller.

"I didn't look at him as you did at my cousin Caroline," retorted Betsy Greesby. "But don't talk to me about such rubbish; I wish there wasn't a man in the world, that I do!"

One of the servants had gone to the door to answer the bell, and just as the little difference between the butler and the cook had reached this interesting point, in walked Miss Caroline Cook and Sam Grover.

"How d'ye do, Betsy, dear? how d'ye do, Mr. Seller?" commenced Caroline Cook, and nodding in a condescending sort of way to the rest of the servants. "You know I promised you, Betsy, that I would give you a call again soon, and as I had to come part of your road to-day on a little business, I thought I might as well go on a little further and——" But I had a deal of trouble to get Mr. Grover as far; he kept on wanting to turn back every minute, making all sorts of ridiculous excuses, and several times, if I had'nt held him fast, I do believe he would have run away from me."

Having gabbled on thus far, Miss Cook at last stopped, fully expecting that somebody else would say something; but, to her surprise, when she left off speaking, there ensued a perfect silence, and looking first at her cousin and then at the butler, she saw very plainly that something was amiss with them.

"For goodness' sake, what is the matter with both of you?" Caroline anxiously inquired.

And Sam Grover, too, wondered, and, remembering his recommendation of Eliza, of which he had not ventured to say a word to his betrothed, felt very uncomfortable, and was oppressed with indefinable misgivings.

"Caroline," began Betsy Greesby, struggling hard to appear calm and collected, "it's not in my nature to wear two faces with anybody—I am a plain woman——"

"I don't think so," said Sam, with a weak attempt to be jocular; "and I am sure Mr. Seller does'nt."

"Keep your observations to yourself, sir," sternly cried the cook.

While the butler flashed on Sam a look that ought to have annihilated him.

"Did you," demanded the cook, "recommend a young woman to us, and ask us to——"

"Me?" hastily interrupted Caroline; "never!—'tisn't likely I should do such a thing as that."

"There," triumphantly exclaimed Betsy Greesby, "didn't I say so! Mr. Grover, however, sent a young woman here with a letter—a dreadful, wicked creature. Oh! I can't tell you what she has done."

And indeed Betsy could not, for she did'n't know.

"Oh, you did sir, did you!" cried Miss Cook, turning fiercely on Sam.

"Yes," said the cook; "a creature that Mr. Seller formerly made love to and wished to provide for."

"No, no," cried Caroline, "that's not it; I understand it well enough; that girl is one of the pretty acquaintances that Mr. Grover has made since he has been in London, and being too poor himself to assist her, he wrote to you in the hope that——"

"But I haven't—I never wrote any letter," declared Sam, who could see no other way by which he might have a chance of getting out of the scrape.

"But I have seen the letter," said Betsy, "and it's got your signature to it."

"Then it's a forgery," boldly asserted Sam, with a significant sign to the butler.

"There," exclaimed Betsy, "I saw him wink at Mr. Seller; if I could have had any doubt before, I am satisfied now."

"Mr. Grover," cried Caroline, "I have done with you forever. I am going off home this moment—good-bye, Betsy, dear—and I shall go alone, and if you presume to follow me, it will be worse for you. Oh!" she groaned, as she rushed out of the house, "what a lucky escape I have had—what a monster I was going to marry!"

"Mr. Seller," said the cook, marching up to the butler, "you needn't take any more inquiries about that public house, if you want me to be the landlady of it, for I shall have no more to say to you."

"I assure you, my dear Elizabeth," trembled the butler, "I am as innocent——"

"Yes, Miss Greesby——am, "we are both innocent——are laboring under a dreadful——"

"You are a pair of villains, and I don't know which is the worst of the two. Never you dare to come near me again, Mr. Seller. If ever again you come sneaking and trying to kiss me when I am cooking my dinner, hang me if I don't knock you down with the dripping pan!"

Away flounced Betsy Greesby and the two men were left to themselves, in a state of mind not at all to be envied.

Both were silent for a while, neither of them in fact knowing what to say.

Sam Grover was the first to speak.

"Well, this is a rum set out, isn't it, Mr. Seller? And I don't know now what it all means. You don't know old Boosey—but it was he asked me to speak a good word for that girl, whoever she was, for I don't know and I really thought——But, I say, Mr. Seller, what has she done? what's all the row been about?"

The butler began to cry, and drew forth his pocket handkerchief to mop away his tears.

"Betsy is lost to me," he whimpered; "and that public house would have been such a bargain."

"Lost? Nonsense," Sam confidently said; "you will be all right again, and so shall I. They'll cool down again and come to their senses and then, you just trust to me, and keep your heart up, and don't cry, old man!"

Mr. Seller, banishing all his weakness, drew himself to his full height, and in a boldly authoritative tone, said, while pointing majestically to the door——

"Get out! leave the house directly; and if ever you dare to show your nose here again, I wish I may be smothered if I don't set the dog at you."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN ELIZA AND SHARKEY MORRIS—THE SWARD SPREAD.

When Millington was gone and Sharkey Morris was left alone to watch and wait for Eliza, the Jew said to himself:—

"What did Millington mean by saying that, if the gal consented to take herself out of the way, he should be saved the trouble of causing her to be put out of the way? But I needn't ask myself that, considering how well I know him. And I can't help myself now, but must go along with him whether I like it or no. And I don't like it; I'm getting frightened out of my life, and begin to wish I had kept clear of the business altogether."

Eliza came flying from the villa and towards the man who was waiting to accost her.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said Sharkey, planting himself in her path and arresting her steps, "but, if you please, are you Miss Eliza?"

"Eliza is my name," she answered; "who are you that——"

"I have been waiting here to speak with you, at the request of——"

"Of whom?"

"My friend, Walter Brandon."

Eliza uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Oh! is that indeed true?"

"Why should you doubt it? You know of course that he has quitted yonder house?"

"I believed so."

"Oh, yes, quite half an hour ago, and doesn't mean to go there any more, you may be sure of that."

"Dear Walter," inaudibly whispered Eliza.

"But the man who urged him against his will to that marriage——"

"The villain Millington?"

"Yes, that's him—vell, he advanced money to my friend Walter——"

"I know, I know!"

"To a large amount; and made him sign to certain documents—and now, my poor friend Walter is in danger of being arrested and thrown into prison."

"Oh, heaven!"

"So he is obliged to conceal himself till he can escape from London."

"Conceal himself?"

"Yes, but not for long, because I am arranging everything to get him out of the way, and he vill soon be off without a soul knowing anything about it."

"How good of you!"

"There, there, ve won't talk about that—Walter and I were friends in his prosperous days, and if I hadn't been called abroad, he shouldn't have vanted for help to keep him out of the serious scrape into which he has now got himself."

"Generous man!" gratefully exclaimed Eliza. "Ah, had others remained as true to him!"

"It's a wicket world, my dear young lady, there's no denying it. But I was going to say that Walter wishes you to start off directly for Worcester; to wait there till he comes to you; for that's the place he means to go to and expects to be there almost as soon as you are."

"Depart without him," resolutely cried Eliza; "no, never, never!"

"Well, but—when I tell you——"

"Now that he is in danger, it is my duty to be near him; I ought not, and I will not leave London without Walter."

"But if that couldn't be anyhow—if it was necessary for his safety that he should go alone?"

"Pray pardon me, sir, but I have so greatly suffered that my heart has lost all confidence, and I see around me but snares and treachery. Do I not know that an endeavor has been made to separate me for ever from Walter, that it has been sought to make him marry with another, and what now an effort to remove me were being made in order to bring about the accomplishment of that marriage——"

"My dear young lady——"

"Say that I am unjust, that I am mad, but I will not stir a step until very certain that Walter will not become the husband of another."

"Well, but I don't see how you——"

"I will return to the house that I but now have quitted."

"The devil!" Sharkey muttered to himself.

"To Miss Summerford—who possesses a noble heart—I will disclose the ties by which I am bound to Walter and he to me. I will tell her that 'tis me alone that Walter loves, for now I am well assured of that—and when she shall know all, then—then will I depart and go whither you would have me to wait the arrival of Walter."

"Um," thought Morris, "she will have it so, and will have only herself to blame."

Then he said aloud:—

"I can't at all condemn you for your suspicions; but you can do better than return to that house."

"How?"

"By seeing Walter himself."

"Oh, sir," eagerly cried Eliza, "if you will let me do that! Let me but see and speak to him, and afterwards I shall have courage and resignation."

"Well then, you shall see him."

"But where?"

"He is gone to conceal himself in a house at Westminster, near the park; you must go to Storey's Gate—if you don't know it, anybody will tell you where that is, hardly a stone's throw from Big Ben."

"And you are sure that I shall find him there?"

"No, miss, you won't find him there—but, just inside the park, you will find a hack waiting that will take you to my friend, Walter."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!"

"But, you see, miss, we are obliged to be very careful so that he mayn't be arrested and clapped into jail."

"Oh, yes, yes," faltered Eliza.

"So we have agreed on a sort of pass word—something mysterious, that nobody else is likely to get hold of."

"And that is——"

"*I saw Mary Pritchard die!*"

Eliza faintly screamed.

"Oh, heaven," she said, "why those terrible words!"

"Are you afraid to say them?"

"Afraid! no—since you tell me that Walter has chosen them."

"Certainly; it was he, and nobody else."

"Then I hesitate no longer," said Eliza, resolving in her own mind to learn from Walter how he had been led to employ those singular words.

"Farewell, sir; I will go to him at once," she added, and was moving away.

"Stay," Sharkey Morris called to her.

"What more?" asked Eliza.

"Just one word, that's all."

"Yes."

"Is it the only way by which you can be persuaded to leave London alone?"

"Most certainly."

"Very well, miss, then—good night."

"Good night, sir."

"Ah," Sharkey said to himself, looking after her, "I rather think that, before it's over, you'll find it a bad night for you, my gal!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

VELOCIPEDE RACING.

Velocipedomania is the malady of the day in France, and even in this country it is beginning to be felt. Every one who desires to follow the fashion in Paris has his velocipede and mounts it, and Professors of the velocipede abound. M. Pan, director of the Grand Gymnasium, Paris, was sent to the neighboring nations to study the progress of the velocipede, and he returned in despair, exclaiming: "Let Consuls take care! France is inferior to Germany in Velocipedes." That is not all; in some places it threatens to dethrone the horse. Races frequently take place, and St. Cloud was not long since the scene of a very interesting race, a sketch of which is given on the first page of this week's CLIPPER. A correspondent thus describes a velocipede race which recently took place there:—

"The starting point is indicated by tall flag-staffs, and as each race is called, the competitors emerge one by one from the Avenue de Girardin and take up their positions abreast of each other, but hardly six clear feet apart, as prescribed by the official regulations. They are all muscular looking young men—not decked out, as is generally the case at these competitions, in colored jockey caps and jackets, but wearing loose ordinary coats and tall boots, into which the ends of their trowsers are thrust. The course, which is 1,800 metres in length (about a mile and a furlong) is in part over a stone paved road. Still, the distance was accomplished by the winner of the prize for velocipedes with two wheels in four minutes and twenty-five seconds, or at the rate of upwards of fifteen miles an hour, the velocipedes with three wheels being half as long again, namely, six minutes and twenty-eight seconds, in accomplishing the same distance. The starter had a large flag which he grounded as a signal, and the judge wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. The course, which was very badly kept by the numerous gendarmes, sergeants de ville and "gardes du lac," was lined the entire distance by crowds of people, who loudly cheered the victorious charioteer as he passed the winning post. No sooner had he dismounted than a foaming glass of beer was handed to him by some attendant Ganymede, after quaffing which he was ready to receive the congratulations of his friends."

The vehicle now attracting so much attention is not, as the majority of persons imagine, an entirely new invention, but was brought before the public many years ago, as will be observed by the following extract from the *Washington Gazette* of Nov. 9th, 1823:—"A man upon a new sort of velocipede attracted a number of people together at the Elephant and Castle, London, recently, to witness his activity and the swiftness with which he travels. He is a shoemaker by trade, and finding the trade bad at Newark-on-Trent, in Nottinghamshire, of which place he is a native, he built this mechanical horse, as he terms it. It is on a different plan from the others. It is worked by two handles, which set two wheels in motion and cause two levers in front to be put in motion, which set the machine going at the rate of at least six miles an hour. It is the completest machine of the kind that has yet been invented. He has traveled in fine weather sixty miles a day. He has two iron stirrups in which he places his feet; they keep him steady on the side." The only difference between the velocipede of that period and the French now in use, appears to be in the manner of propulsion, the latter having for its motive power the feet instead of the hands, an improvement which increases its velocity while entailing less physical exertion. Though in some portions of France, Germany and other parts of the continent, the velocipede has long been known and may be said to have come into general use, it has been only within the past few months that the innovation has been brought prominently to the attention of the American public. Our people are proverbially of a go-aheadative character, and anything in the shape of novelty, in keeping with the spirit of the age, always excites their interest, and if found to combine pleasure with profit seldom fails to meet with such success as it may merit; therefore, judging from the interest which has already been manifested in the velocipede by our citizens, and the fact that it presents a new and agreeable means of recreation, while affording to those who reside some miles away from their places of business a chance to go and return quickly, at the same time as it enables them to take beneficial exercise precluded by the ordinary modes of transit, it is reasonable to predict that the velocipedomania will increase until the invention becomes nearly as much in use here as in France. To our sporting friends it furnishes another species of pastime, and we doubt not that ere long we shall have an opportunity of witnessing a contest between experts similar to that represented by our illustration in this number; such an event would certainly attract a large assemblage of interested spectators. There are at present several manufactories of the velocipedes in this country, and from the orders already received the business promises ere long to become quite extensive. A school has also been established in this city, where competent teachers give instruction to those who wish to master the washing, and here may be observed victims of the mania in all its phases.

DEER PARKS IN ENGLAND.—The only part of England in which wild red deer are found in any considerable number and regularly hunted is a district of the north of Devon and Somerset. The herds of red deer which once roamed over Devon and Somerset and parts of Cornwall gradually receded before the advance of agriculture, till, towards the end of the last century, the remnant found a comparatively secure retreat in the wild region of EXMOOR. Red deer lingered in Cornwall until a recent period, and one or two are still occasionally seen in the extensive coverts on the eastern border of the county, but the large herds have long disappeared. Fifty years ago red deer roamed over the barren tracts of Bagshot. The new forest contained large herds both of fallow and red deer down to the year 1851, when, having become a prolific source of crime, they were removed or destroyed. Poaching had long been carried on in a very systematic and organized way, the deer being snared by hooks baited with apples suspended on strong cords from the boughs of trees. In the forest of Dean, the most beautiful and varied of all the royal forests, was deprived of its deer about the same time. Nowhere has poaching been so strictly prohibited. Bands of armed men, too numerous and powerful for keepers to interfere with, shot deer by the score and carried them off by night. One of the gentlemen selected for killing deer in this forest was for a man to

station himself among the branches of some wide spreading oak with a heavy iron bar, which he dropped with fatal effect upon the neck of any deer that came under the tree to browse. The Highland deer forests have been computed to comprise at least 2,000,000 acres, or 3,125 square miles. The number of deer contained in the forest of Glentilt alone is said to exceed 13,000, and in that of Ben Aulder, 8,000.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.			
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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 21 Spruce street, New York.
Box 1784 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 4 o'clock on Monday, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

DICE, Boston.—Take common cork, and after saturating it with alcohol, set fire to it and let it burn until the cork will powder. Then take it, and after making it fine, saturate it with water to the consistency of paste and apply it to your face with your hands. It is easily removed with a sponge, soap, and water.

F. R., Cincinnati, O.—"At arithmetic, A plays a nine, B a deuce, A a four (taking two for "fifteen"), B a tray (taking three for sequence), A a six, B a five (taking five for sequence), a "go" for A, and B plays a deuce, taking five for he sequence and two for "thirty-one." Was B entitled to the last sequence?" ..... Yes.

RISING AUTHOR, Philad'a.—If the managers referred to had been candid with you, they would very likely have told you that your play had not been read at all, owing to your bad spelling and equally bad grammar. You had better perfect yourself in those branches before star ing out as a playwright.

T. C. S., Philadelphia.—We are opposed to this "assisting" business altogether. In your case, as D did not assume the responsibility of the trump, he could not play alone; and in the event of his securing three or more tricks, he could only score two points for the euchre.

MANY CITIZENS, Elmer, N. J.—We have given your question due consideration, and can arrive at no other conclusion than this:—That A and B, by going out together, are entitled to both first and second prizes, and therefore they take the three dollars in the pool and divide it between them.

THOMAS, Washington.—1. There is no champion song and dance performer. Johnny Thompson and Billy Emerson are considered among the best. 2. He belongs to the class known as song and dance men. 3. We do not know whether he is a married or single man. 4. Thirty-six years of age.

T. C., Chicago.—"At seven up the dealer has one point to go and the leader two. The leader holds the ace and the dealer the Jack, and he has it on the ace. No other trump being out, who claims low?" ..... The dealer was entitled to the point for low; he only lost the point for Jack.

J. T. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—The umpires in the fight between Hicken and Maguire were Jim Colbert for Abe and Nick Smith for Peter. 2. Maguire's jaw was badly fractured, but his physician states that it will be as strong as ever.

R. and G., Akron, Ohio.—Goodrich won the champion medal in 1867, which he still holds. Last season Frank Swift won the champion medal given by the American Skating Congress at Pittsburgh.

G. O., Palmyra.—The man being out, of course he has nothing more to do with the game. Our opinion is, however, that the last dealer should deal again, so that the third hand may not be deprived of his "pitch."

ROCCO, Davenport, Ia.—1. Not that we are aware of. 2. Not any; they're too precious for general circulation. Thanks for items. We will be pleased to hear from you as often as convenient.

J. F. T., Grand Rapids, Mich.—We do not attend to business matters of that sort; otherwise we should take pleasure in acceding to your request. Advertise in the CLIPPER, and you'll no doubt find a customer.

DING DONG.—The Siamese Twins are at present in England on exhibition. They married sisters of the name of Greenwood, daughters of a clergyman in North Carolina, in November, 1842. Each of the twins has nine children.

CLIPPER READER, Baltimore.—1. She has been on the stage since she was a child. 2. Cannot inform you when Maggie will reappear in your city. 3. The Gregories performed in the city with the Hanlon Combination last season.

DRAWBRIDGE, Baltimore.—1. He sells them at retail. 2. Probably not for some time. 3. There are twelve regular theatres in this city besides academy of Music, Circus, and three minstrel halls.

BARBER, Jersey City.—1. The subscription price of the CLIPPER for six months is $2.50. 2. Whiteman is considered good in the business. A letter to this office will reach him. 3. Jennie is his wife.

A. S., Watertown, N. Y.—The first and second prizes belong to the parties who threw 43; 41 has no claim. The 42's throw off for choice of prizes.

C. B. A., Boston.—We are unable to tell you the address of any one who manufactures machines for making calcined plaster.

A. TYROONE.—Your Christmas sketch came too late for publication this season, and your poetry, though containing some good points, is scarcely up to our standard.

J. R. R.—Kate Hayhurst was married in Paris to a French Count; and died in poverty on the banks of the Rhine, having been defrauded by her husband.

B. F. S., Fort Monroe.—1. Robert Fox opened the American Theatre, Philadelphia, in May, 1865. 2. The fight between Heenan and Sayers took place April 17, 1860.

JERSEY, Brooklyn.—It must be fair heel and toe walking. How can we tell it the man walked fair, not having witnessed the performance? The judges must decide.

ROSEMOND CLUB.—Three aces will beat a flush of three cards; the latter is not a flush except when playing the regular game with five cards in each hand. It is therefore loser.

DOC, St. Louis.—The inventor and patentee of the "Adder" is Mr. Charles A. Welch, and you can address him, care of this office.

PEDALIST.—Bill Richards, who, with Lang, ran one mile in 4 min. 17¼ sec., is, we are informed, at present stopping at Akron, O.

F. M. B. L., Cincinnati.—1. Matilda never played "East Lynne." 2. You had better make enquiry of parties in your city for your other question.

CAN CAN, Baltimore.—1. The Stadt Theatre seats the most, but the Old Bowery holds most people. 2. None of the theatres in this city manufacture their own gas.

PEPP BARBER, Baltimore.—1. They are not at present in this city. 2. You will see Lotta's whereabouts chronicled in each issue of the CLIPPER.

R. A. G., Otawa.—The letter for Lottie Brown has not been sent for. We know nothing about the standing of the party you mention.

M. B., Baltimore.—They came to this country about eighteen months ago with the Hanlon Combination. They are considered good gymnasts.

P. F. C., Fort Harker, Kansas.—There are relatives of the Irish patriot Robert Emmett, in this country, we are informed, but where they reside we are unable to state.

S., Belvidere, N. J.—According to the figures published as official, Seymour's majority in this State was just 10,000, consequently he lost won.

J. DIDDLER Jr.—We should prefer to see the solutions before giving publicity to your offer. We do not remember your note about euchre.

J. G. H., Portland, Me.—A having taken four tricks only, is entitled to but one point. B had no right to play alone against A.

PROFESSIONAL, Pittsburgh.—1. Mead is not a professional, we believe. 2. Bearman, the skater, is the same chap that played first base in the Mutual nine.

BROWN.—1. Two dollars is the charge for binding a volume of the CLIPPER. 2. We can furnish you with the first ten numbers of the present volume.

U. S., Fort Wayne.—She is twenty-four years of age. First appeared in this country at Barnard's (now Wood's) Museum in the "Devil's Auction."

LORD JOHN, Hyde Park.—Lotta has just passed her twenty-first birth day.

HOBOKEN.—That is said to have been his business before he went on the stage.

HENRI, Meadville, Pa.—In the case you cite, it is not necessary that the cue ball should go out of the string.

W. W. WILSON.—Seven lines for three months, cash in advance, will cost $10 92.

L. S.—Her husband is not an actor. She has been previously married.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—Lotta is not married. She will probably go to California in the spring.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—She resides in West 23d street, this city.

OIL CITY.—The party betting on 11 winning, wins his bet without waiting the result of the tie.

J. H., Springfield.—The player does not lose his bet, and the dealer, previous to A and B going out, deals the cards again.

FRANK, New York.—1. D straddled C, it will cost him 4; if he doubled, it will cost him 8, to come in after seeing his hand.

C. T. W., Pittsburgh.—Lucille Western is not dead. Her sister Helen died a few weeks ago.

MADISON, Chicago.—The population of Chicago is greater than that of Cincinnati.

D. J. B., Bridgewater.—1. George Wilkes' best time at Narragansett was 2:23¼. 2. Lady Thorn is twelve years old.

READER, Indianapolis.—Address Rigge & Eanier, 15 Frankfort street, N. Y.

FIVE PLAYER, Cincinnati.—A loses the game, for although he made his two points with High, Jack, C's low goes out first.

SUBSCRIBER, Monumonee, Mich.—1. Eclipse never ran a mile in one minute. 2. No horse has ever run a mile in 1:30.

MEX, St. Louis.—At the draw game of dominoes you can draw even if you can play.

L. J., Rochester.—It is a misdeal, and none of the players can claim anything.

A FRIEND.—The act of secession of North Carolina was passed Dec. 20th 1861.

TURKEY WING, Philadelphia.—The 42 throw actually won the turkey.

H. M., Camp Beecher, Kansas.—Either A or B should have dealt, as it would be manifestly unfair for C to lose his "beg."

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Lewiston.—Mr. Kerns is the husband of Helene, Baroness. 2. Delehanty's wife is not a professional.

ARCHITECT, Baltimore.—Gertrude is twenty-six years of age. Leona Cavender has lately joined the Gregory Family.

J. M. C., Buffalo.—8 was right. A could not score for "best trump" until all the cards were played.

M. S. K., Philadelphia, Pa.—B lost $45 and the bet by the operation.

ED R., Newark.—The theatres in this city do not issue season tickets.

C. VAN M., La Crosse.—Lotta is just twenty-one years of age. Maggie is several years her senior.

LEMAYER GOEB, Washington.—They were born in Philadelphia.

W. S. W.—She has been married twice. They have a certain percentage of the receipts, and no fixed salary.

G. W. S.—Sarony's book on Checkers, published by R. M. De Witt, Frankfort street, in this city, is what you want.

MUNROE.—His absence was intended to be but temporary. Your items will be used, however, should he still be absent.

C. H., Toledo.—Thank you—will be pleased to give publicity to such items.

N. H. G., Troy.—The Jack is the best card, and entitles the holder to sell it.

E. A. M., Springfield.—Certainly—send mem. of charges at your convenience.

BROWN.—As you both went out together, you divide the money.

H. Y. H., New Orleans.—The player cutting the Jack takes the deal.

OLNEY, R., Washington.—C is responsible to A for $10.

HOOSIER.—D steer fastest time is 2:17¼.

DAN SAYRE, Cambridge.—See answer to G. W. S.

ANN E. H., New Orleans, La.—Thanks for attention.

L. L., Baltimore.—James Robinson at time that title.

O'CONOR, Philadelphia.—She is not now at in this city.

A FRIEND, Elmira.—Helen Western was born in 1843.

CONSTANT, Milford.—Dan Rice is still living.

LEONIDAS, Battle Creek, Mich.—Ten thousand Lotta.—Lotta is a married woman.

JOCKEY, Baltimore.—1. See answer to Architect. 2. Ma. Weaver's furniture carries the outfit of members of the profession. 3. Lotta is one of the best stars for managers in this country.

C. H. K., Lockport.—A trapeze performer furnishes his own trapeze.

ED. ROSELLE.—A letter for you on at this office.

FREE FIGHTER, New Orleans, La.—It was foul.

LIBEL AND ITS LAW.

We are inclined, in our estimation, to believe this to be a land of comparative freedom, one of whose chief, and most ornamental, institutions consisting, as we are taught by common fame, in an unshackled press. To be disabused of any such a notion one has only to peruse the personal narrative of a Mr. Samuel Bowles, the editor of the Springfield *Republican*, who having the misfortune to provoke the ire of Mr. James Fisk, Jr., one of the Erie Railway money kings, was kidnapped at a prominent hotel, in the presence of his friends, and consigned to a night's lodging in jail, by virtue of process issued from one of our city courts and served upon the defendant at the reasonable hour of eight in the evening. Mr. Fisk having made affidavit that his character had suffered to the financial extent of $50,000 by reason of some comments published in the *Republican* with regard to Mr. Fisk's conduct as a leading manager of a public railroad, bail to an excessive amount was demanded of a stranger who might not have had a solitary friend blessed with the curse of Mammon in the city. But Mr. Bowles luckily boasted monied friends, willing and anxious to go bail for him; hence to incarcerate the offending editor over night process was served at an unusual hour, long after the sheriff's office was closed and the possibility of that functionary being able to accept the bail piece, if tendered, emphatically precluded. On the morrow, however, Mr. Bowles was released from durance by giving the security he could have obtained when rationally summoned, and departed from the hospitable prison walls, leaving behind him the moderate sum of nineteen dollars and a half for the privilege of a night's lodging in a civil dungeon.

The decision in the case of the so called outrage at the New York Theatre, whereby the court sustained deputy sheriffs in their assumed right to make arrests at such hours and with such degrees of violence as pleased their sovereign wills, is certainly bearing excellent fruit, as we perceive in the case of a gentleman who had been stopping openly for weeks together at a prominent hotel, arrested and torn from the bed of an invalid wife, at an unreasonable hour of the night; and why? Because a well known railway manager and stock speculator imagined that an article, which upon subsequent trial may prove to be founded on fact, has damaged him to the extent of $50,000, and makes an ex parte affidavit as to his opinion.

We boast that we have abolished imprisonment for debt, and yet the law provides, as in this instance, that a party feeling himself in any wise aggrieved, may, upon his own representation, obtain an order of arrest and hold a man either imprisoned, if he has not the power of giving bail, for an indefinite period of time, or subject to the clemency of a court. But this abuse of power is not all, for, as the law of libel now stands in this a.te, an editor or printer rests almost wholly, as far as regards person and purse, at the mercy of an ingenious attorney.

We know of no law more unjust, iniquitous and tyrannical than that governing libel. The author of a libelous communication is not only to be held responsible for his own position, but the law goes to the utmost extremity of responsibility, holding the editor of the sheet, wherein it appeared, the publisher, the printer, nay, even the newsvender liable civilly and criminally for the misdoings of a person of whose very existence all of them may have therefore been in ignorance. And reversing the application of all other maxims of law, the editor is condemned before going upon trial, inasmuch as the law implies the presence of malice through the very fact of publication, and under such a ruling it is next to an impossibility for an editor to escape the rendition of a judgment against him. True, the damages may be a trifle or merely nominal, yet this rendition precludes reimbursement of the actual costs incurred in the defence, which could it be possible for judgment to be rendered for the defendant, would necessarily lie transferred to the shoulders of the complainant failing to substantiate his charges. Consequently, as the law is generally rendered from the bench, little is left the defendant in an action for libel beyond the mitigation of damages, a proceeding attended with expense, loss of time and the vexations of litigation.

Alexander Hamilton defines the liberty of the press to be the publication of the truth with justifiable motives, and this definition has been accepted as an over liberal interpretation of the law now gracing our statute books. Mark, the subject matter of the publication may be true in every particular; it may be a matter of common fame and of universal publicity, and yet the editor is presumed to be guilty of malice in the publication of an admitted truth, unless he has the power of justifying the motive impelling him to the publication. Unlike any other culprit, who is presumptively guiltless of crime until his conviction is secured through unimpeachable evidence furnished by the prosecution, the public writer is required to bear the onus of an offence, created through the construction of the theory of the laws. Why this distinction in damage to the person?

Akin to libel is the offence of scandal, and let us perceive the vast difference the law allows between the application of two crimes. A man may call, by word of mouth, another a thief, a woman a prostitute, or otherwise indulge in the most inveterate abuse of individuals, and yet to hold the offender responsible for his premeditated maliciousness special financial damage must be shown to have accrued to the party, undoubtedly injured in a moral point of view, before a verdict can be recovered against a calumniator, and then only in the sum proved in dollars and cents to have been sustained. Now, let a writer in a hasty paragraph designate a lawyer a pettifogger, a doctor as a quack, or an official as capable of malfeasance, without the assailed being harmed in either reputation or in pocket, and the law interposes to declare the printed declaration of opinion to be a libel *per se*, whether the offended party has received pecuniary damage or not. Hence, under this construction of intention, controverted by actual fact, a person, actuated by intensity of malice, may, through slander, ruin the future prospects of a defenceless female, unable to show an absolute financial damage, and go unmulcted in purse, while an editor, through implication of malice, is liable to fine and imprisonment for a harmless printed pleasantry.

There may be a deal of wisdom in the general interpretation of the law of libel, but we confess we cannot perceive either its rationality or its equity. While remembering the well founded admonition of Junius that, in the freedom of the press consists the palladium of our country's liberties, we are willing to acknowledge that an abuse of that conservative power should be regarded as one of the most serious offences against the commonwealth and the personal rights of the citizen. Still, to render a writer criminal, we contend that he should be entitled to a fair and honest interpretation of his motives, to be derived from a careful investigation of the circumstance of his case, as is enforced in all other actions brought for damage to the person.

We are not only willing, but anxious, that habitual and proven libelers should be dealt with in the fulness of penalty. We have no mercy for men who prostitute their talents by coarse and vindictive abuse of individuals; for men who eke out a miserable existence by descending to exposition of the secrets of the domestic firesite; for men, who, for political advantage, assail the character of their fellow citizens and hold them up to the ridicule and contempt of the community. Men of this character, betraying their trust, are a disgrace to an honorable profession of letters, for whom neither courts nor juries should entertain the least shadow of clemency. Yet, at the same time, we are opposed to any doctrine or law which subjects an honest and reputable journalist to the annoyances of litigation, simply at the caprice of an indignant citizen, or to feed the maw of a half starved attorney, as can be readily done under our existing interpretation of the law.

In the State of New York several modifications of the statute have been made, but these mainly relate to the method of trial, as to the venue, &c., and but partially alleviate the subject matter of editorial complaint. The spirit of the obsolete practice of English Courts still pervades our own Courts, and against its continuance the fraternity of writers have good reason for protest.

"1869."—The new year has thus far behaved in a very unbecoming manner for a stranger; sleet, hail snow, rain and blow being the predominant features of the opening days of 1869. The calls made on the first day of the new year were made under difficulties, and the ladies were probably in a deal of trouble at the prospect of soiled carpets and bemuddled parlors. It was a great day for drinking, nevertheless, and the "young fellers" put away more than their accustomed supply of fusil oil, tannin, and other deleterious substances, and many of the young ladies did equally well. But 1869 has not made a good impression by any means; we may console ourselves with the reflection that as he came in like a roaring lion he may go out like a peaceful lamb.

BAD.—"Our Jim" sometimes lets his passion get the better of him, though he is generally good tempered and cool. The other day he came to the office with a bad cold in his head, occasioned by the sudden change in the weather, and began sneezing immoderately. Jim stood the infliction for a long time like a youthful martyr, but at last his placidity began to give way, and he seized the offending organ viciously as he exclaimed: "That's right; blow away you, infernal fool; I only hopes you may blow yer dashs brains out!"

BAD FOR THE TEETOTAL SOCIETY.—At a temperance meeting held the other evening in the New Bowery, a quarrel occurred between two men interested in the proceedings, which resulted in one intemperate temperance man stabbing the other in the shoulder. What if such a thing had occurred at one of our theatres!

GOOD CAN.—It is said that on the bleak shores of Cape Cod vegetation is so scarce that a couple of huckleberry bushes are styled a grove. However, that tale comes from a very *fishy* district. That must be a loyal part of the country, however, since there is no trees on there.

SOMEBODY told "Our Jim" that Mr. Secretary Welles inaugurated the system of patrolling the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and Jim has ever since been wondering if he is the "Patrol-eum Welles" he has heard so much about.

SOLDIERS OF THE FIERY CROSS.

The Fire Commissioners of this Metropolitan District having, through participation in the past war, become inoculated with a strange mania for military dignity, at a late meeting resolved upon converting the force beneath their control into a quasi military body. By formal resolution of the commissioners the Fire Department of New York city will henceforth be organized into nine battalions, divided into three brigades, with military rank assigned to the respective commanders of those distinctive bodies. Upon the question of the martial rank to be donated to the fire extinguishers the commissioners varied in opinion, some being of an idea that the Chief Engineer should be fabricated into a major general, the brigade commandants into brigadier generals, and the heads of battalions into colonels, a table of rank which, if extended upward, should necessarily convert *de jure* the president of the commission into a full general, with his associates as lieutenant generals. Finally, with the exception of a minority of one individual, who announced the fact of his being opposed to military titles *de toto*, the commission granted their sub-ordinates after the following fashion:—The Chief Engineer to be colonel; the assistant engineers, lieutenant colonels; district engineers, majors; foremen, captains; assistant foremen, lieutenants; engineer of steamers, sergeants; firemen, privates, and horsemen and laddermen to be cadets. This last grade is evidently a mistake, inasmuch as a cadet is, in pure military law, usage, an unpaid volunteer of a European army in training for a subofficership; hence we are tempted to presume that the commissionaires designed to convert the horse drivers into cornets of cavalry, and the ladder gentlemen into ensigns of the navy, these last being martial employment bearing some proximate relation to the nature of the service required from the tail end of our newly fledged military geniuses.

Apart from the ridiculousness and want of taste exhibited by the commissioners in attempting to transform a purely civil body of men, paid by the county to perform a definite branch of service, essentially of a most peaceful nature, into a titular military body, this action is decidedly as illegal as it is farcical. By what shadow of right can the Metropolitan Fire Commissioners arrogate to themselves a power reserved to the President of the United States or to the Governors of the different States, exercise of which being constitutionally circumscribed as to the formation of an army, either national or local? With equal propriety the commissioners could usurp ecclesiastical prerogative and ordain the Chief Engineer into an archbishop, his assistants into suffragan bishops, and the remainder of the force into doctors in divinity, for no military official can be created outside of a recognized military organization. We are aware that it has been the custom, although an absurdity upon its face, to confer relative military rank upon persons attached to national armies, although non-combatants, and serving in a purely civic capacity; for instance, surgeons, paymasters, commissaries and quartermasters are honored with military grades, proportionate to the trusts reposed in them; yet this ridiculous habit, as every military man confesses it to be, can, in a measure be extenuated as determining the compensation awarded these officials for their services, as well as to supply them with an appropriate uniform. The experience of the late war amply demonstrates that clerical duties can be as well, if not better, performed, especially in connection with the pay and medical departments, by persons drawn directly from civil life, as by those trained to use of arms, while the very nomenclature bestowed upon *civico* military employees implies a derogation of dignity in those who are actually and practically soldiers, seeking reputation at the cannon's mouth.

While admitting the absolute necessity of discipline and subordination in every assemblage of men, be the nature of their congregation as it may, we are far from acknowledging that discipline, based upon strictly military principles, is either as perfect or as convenient as has been devised from other sources. On the contrary we can conceive of no more unsatisfactory or oppressive method of government than that laid down in the existing military code, or articles of war, which has descended to us, in a very slight degree modified, from the era of the most unscrupulous and tyrannical of British monarchs, while punishments therein prescribed are cruel, unnatural and badly defined. In the field the soldier is a mere machine, divested of possibility of independence or self control, whose sole duty is to obey, implicitly and without hesitation, the commands of a superior, gifted with autocratical powers. In camp, in garrison and even in times of peace, he is subjected to application of rules whose harshness can alone be justified as imperative to preserve the integrity of a command in actual service, while the penal and statutory laws of every civilized country have been ameliorated, and oftentime revised, so that criminality has been morally defined, and a fixed and adequate penalty assigned to its commission, and certain precautionary measures exacted, so that the liberty of the citizen may not be circumscribed or his detention unauthorized by a competent revisatory authority, the military code remains in its primitive absolutism to such a degree that the life of a man may hang upon conviction, in the matter of a paltry offence, which could in purruance of the civil code be atoned for by a trivial degradation. Above all things, the indefiniteness, or rather palpable obscurity, in martial jurisprudence is in direct opposition to the enlightenment of the age and ill fitted to the requirements of advancing civilization.

While bestowing military titles upon the officers of our local fire department we presume the commissioners designed to pave the way for the introduction of military discipline into the corps by them commanded, for, otherwise, the assumption of military designations degenerates into an unwarrantable farce—a huge practical joke, of which we cannot believe that Major General Shaler, the head of the commission and a veteran soldier, would be knowingly guilty. By creating a colonel, major or captain, we must gift him with the full privileges appertaining to his office, otherwise we simply indulge the introduction of militarianism in burlesque. If such has been the design of the Fire Commission, their action, impolitic as every rational man would at the first glance deem it, is both illegal and obnoxious to the constitutional provisions of our State. The right of enrolling troops, and creating officers to govern them, has been cautiously and distinctly limited by the wisdom of a people, who, although naturally warlike, are instinctively jealous of their civil liberties, and who have, upon every available occasion, expressed their deep seated abhorrence of anything resembling a standing army.

If, on the other hand, this movement of the commissioners is simply designed to tickle the vanity of a few of their subordinates, it can only be construed into a direct affront to the veteran volunteers and members of the National Guard, who have either fallfully served in the tented field or sacrificed both time and money to acquire honorable and honest distinction. And assuredly the competent authorities will not allow the laurels of worthy men, whose designation, through titles of courtesy, is about the only reward remaining to them, to be dimmed by the recognition of compeers in a civil branch of service.

If the brevets of the Fire Commissioners are to be accepted as legal, what is to prevent them converting themselves into a chapter of chivalry and conferring the insignia of knighthood upon the more distinguished of their force? Imagine the major, for instance, of the Third Battalion decorated with the cross of the Magnanimous Order of the Fire Bucket, or the illustrious commandant of the Third Brigade sporting his enamelled star as grand commander of the Luminous Lantern. Assuredly, Messrs. Shaler and Co. have an equal right to issue patents of knighthood as to ornament their employees with prefixes to their names, borrowed from an occupation foreign to the intent of their paid organization.

MODERN STAGE EFFECTS.

The quarrel of dramatic authors over their respective claims to originality are getting to be as entertaining as their works, and enlighten us somewhat as to the manner in which "effective plays" are constructed and the "dodges" which are necessary to ensure popularity. At the same time we are more than ever puzzled to decide what constitutes originality. In England there is Dion Boucicault, who heads the list of dramatic inventors, and some of whose effects are truly wonderful, although he is at the same time a most skillful adaptor, and will acne without remorse upon the productions of any other author whose ideas he may pouch with safety. The fall of the avalanche, in the drama of "Pauvrette," is one of the best of these sensations; the leap of a heroine into a snow drift and her reappearance through a hole in the ice, is another similar concoction; the climbing of a wall by a fugitive prisoner, the wall descending through the stage as he ascends, is still another. If we recollect aright, a theatrical poster not long since bore a large woodcut, representing a couple who had suffered themselves to drop thr ugh a railway track to avoid being run over by a train; the train is seen passing, and the man holding on "like grim death" to one of the sleepers, the woman clinging to his heels. In our own country young Daly has fairly equalled Boucicault, and the numerous imitations of his dramas show that he has discovered the key to the affections of a mixed audience. But, as "to the greatest depth there is still a greater deep," so to the farthest reaches of the imagination there is still a greater reach, and the dramatist need never be afraid of shocking the public sensibilities. A play failed in Philadelphia a few weeks since, of which the main effect was the hal ing of a train of cars on the verge of an abyss, the locomotive only making the plunge; had the cars also been allowed to make the descent and then to take fire, with the passengers to be seen writhing and twisting within, in the agonies of death, the public appetite would have been gratified and the play had succeeded. The thing happens every week or so in actual life; why should it not be represented on the stage? The directors of the Erie Railroad might sue the author for plagiarism, but the profits would cover the cost. Any number of brilliant suggestions occur to us in this connection. The author might direct that his hero be tied to a telegraph wire, to prevent him from making certain discoveries. The next message that comes along kills him, but—how inscrutable are the ways of Providence—the message is found imprinted by Morse's system upon his shirt! The victim in another piece might be on the point of being shot by a party of mysterious assassins, when an earthquake takes place, the ground opens and swallows him, and in the last scene he is beheld from the crater of Vesuvius in the midst of a party of convicts, of whom his influenced is one. It is, in fact, whispered, that the principal managers have entered into a contract with the Sheriff by which criminals under sentence will be hung upon the stage, in dramas written purposely to illustrate their lives, before the gaze of thousands—a new subject being furnished every evening. Hospital surgeons might also be induced to go through their operations in full view of an audience, and bargains might be made with persons contemplating suicide, who, by this means, obtaining something to leave their families, would kill two birds with one stone.

ALL IS DECEPTION.

This world of ours is full of humbug. Eye shutting and false pretense appear to be the order of the day, however much *out of order* it may be. Many are the traps and contrivances gotten up by sharpers to gammon the unwary and get possession of their loose change. There goes a man who has saved a few hundreds by years of toil and economy. He has had his mental *vision* tickled by *visions* of vast *provision* against want in the future, to be gained by joining some Lizard Creek Oil Company. So investing all his *stock* of money in the *stock* of the company, he *finds* too late that he has *lost* the savings of years and is just where he started in life, so far as pecuniary matters are concerned. Every day, almost, brings out some new invention in the way of swindling. This is a matter of necessity, for after a trick has been tried a few times it comes to be understood, and no one—unless he be very verdant—can be taken in by it. It seems strange that, after a dodge has been exposed frequently and instances of persons being deluded by it have been detailed in the papers, all men would not be on their guard against it; yet we are frequently called upon to chronicle a successful attempt to play off an old dodge. A case in *point* was *pointed* out to us the other day in the person of Yerrick Pfanderstein, from Reading, Pa., who met an individual who "had a magnificent gold ring to sell at a sacrifice—solid gold, diamond, &c.; would not part with it if he was not hard pushed. It was worth at least $150 easily, but owing to his *straitened* circumstances he must *bend* to dire necessity, &c.; was compelled to leave New York at once, so had no time to hunt up a purchaser who would give him its full value; he would be willing to take $50 for it if he could get it *now*," you know? Yes, of course you do; you know all about it; maybe your own eye has been closed by the same process sometime or other; but to return to our subject. It was, in a word, the old story over again. The Dutchman jumped at the chance of making a cool hundred thus easily, so he planked down his stamps to the tune of $50, which was near about all he had, and received his diamond ring in exchange. Next day he *repaired* to a place where jewelry is *repaired* to see how much more than $50 he could get for the ring. The jeweler examined the prize, and then to Yerrick's amazement informed him, in language as profane as it was emphatic, that his beautiful diamond ring, like the Continental money, was not worth a *Continental dama*. Yerrick was very indignant and declared that the man who sold him the ring was a "*tam fraut*;" and well he might, for the incident was *fraught* with disaster to him. Among strangers, without money, he was in an awkward dilemma; however, enough was raised to pay his way home, and he *took* his departure and *took* the ring, too, with him to remind him of the necessity of being always on his guard.

That there are other kinds of deception was painfully realized by a friend of ours who was smitten with a glorious damsel with beautiful dark hair and pearly teeth; he was dreadfully *taken* with her, and not thinking of being *taken in* with her, he offered her his *hand* and promised to *foot* her bills in future if she would have him. She was gratified with his *views* concerning her, not thinking that his *views* were based on the *views* he had of her as she appeared in public, and that they would speedily become *dissolving views;* so she consented and he took her for better or worse; he soon found that he could have done *better* by taking a *worse* looking woman in appearance, for great was his consternation on the night of her wedding to find that her beautiful hair was nearly all braid, for which he *upbraided* her for her deception, but the matter was not helped much when she took out her pearly teeth and he saw that she had not a tooth that was not false; he declared it was positively awful *tooth-ink* of. Now that was a cruel piece of humbug; but again, among men, one of the worst kind of humbugs is the professional humbug, who assumes a character that does not belong to him, as, for instance, the bogus Parson, who pretends to labor for the good of souls, while his *sole* object is to make a sensation or to make money.

But all the humbugs we have mentioned pale into insignificance when compared with the surpassative frauds to which we now call your attention. We speak of the adulteration of articles of diet. This is certainly the most cruel and wicked fraud that can be perpetrated. We learn that a pretty extensive examination has recently been made of the groceries sold at many stores in this city, and the following startling disclosures among others have been made, viz:—"Ground Java coffee contained roasted bread crumbs, peas, rye, chicory, burnt sugar and coffee essence. Ground cinnamon was adulterated with tapioca, ground mace with pulverized crackers, ground cloves with spices of all kinds from which the essential oil had been extracted. Tea and other articles were fearfully doctored. The adulteration of ground spices alone furnishes great ground for complaint without anything further. In connection with this matter the *World* makes a statement that will startle the million, "that $4 *million* of dollars are annually lost by consumers in New York through false *weights* and *measures* and *adulterations*." This is a matter of *weighty* consideration, and *measure* should be taken to stop this iniquity. There should be such legislation as would make frauds of this kind felony, and any one base enough to *adulterate* articles of food should be made—whether they be young or *adult-erate* as a common thief or blackleg. Let all who, with articles of consumption, are known to *mingle* foreign substances, be sent to *mingle* with their proper associates, the prisoners in jail, some of whom are better men by far than the characters we speak of.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

The great national saturnalia being over once more, the social world has resumed its revolutions, and folks, after determining for the nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth time to turn over a new leaf, are settling back again in their regular habits—the economist in adding to the value of his six per cents, the pleasure seeker in increasing his list of pleasures, the duper in enlarging his circle of dupes, and the sinner in extending the scope of his sins. Our great exemplar, Uncle Sam, was loudest in his professions respecting the item of retrenchment, which happy system of things he now proposes to inaugurate by an appropriation of several millions for a ship canal and a new Navy Yard—a very proper method of turning over a new leaf notwithstanding, because it is in the line of improvement. It is likewise asserted that the great real estate speculator has sent an agent to Spain to negotiate for "Cuby"—that old pound cake about whose edges so many rats have been nibbling this quarter of a century. Everything seems to authorise the belief that "New Years" was originally intended as a fresh starting point, being for that reason placed at that crisis in human affairs when everybody's clock runs down more or less, and requires a little judicious winding-up once a twelvemonth. The best of machinery will once in a while wear out unless it is subjected to a little oiling. Foreign cousins regard our American institutions as an anomaly, and, after a few vain attempts to elucidate the mystery, "give it up" in despair. We met but yesterday a little Frenchman, gay by nature, "always gay" (like M. Blandois, in the book), who protested to us that New Year was one very grand affair—he had one very fine time indeed. He begin at se beginning of se year and he wind up nex' Chreesmasse! Monsieur Petitchoux, it seems, had been a resident of the city just a twelvemonth, and on New Year's Day had fallen in with a clan of gay Gothamites, who had undertaken to "put him through the mill." He thought it a very fine thing, but a little too much of it. He began at an early hour with coffee and biscuit with a pious family in the quiet districts, and wound up with whiskey punches at the hospitable board of a city magnate, and has come to the conclusion that when the population of American cities is getting too large, the people are obliged by ordinance to decimate their numbers, and prefer to accomplish it in this agreeable style. A roast pig, though a dead pig, always tasted bet er for being surrounded with gilt paper and tinsel. It would really seem that there is a chance to turn a new leaf here. Even our English cousins are somewhat startled by our ideas of festival making, and can't see how a man who has got safely through Christmas, can start in again on the 1st of January, and keep it up in a style which would be sure to send him off with the apoplexy. A philosophic friend of considerable experience has solved the problem for us without much circumlocution. "This 'ere turning over of new leaves," he said, "is considerable of a bamboo. The fact is, to a progressive set of cusses like us, who's been always accustomed to enjoy the good things of this life as we travels along, and who knows the wally o' time, every day in the year is a New Year's Day, and we can take 'em or let 'em alone, just as we're a mind to. Only, once every year we become sort of satiated with things that would be luxuries anywhere else, but are every day matters with us, and it takes a extraordinary effort to revive us, or we should peg out altogether. And that, I s'pose, is the reason why we make such a demonstration a week after Christmas. It's merely a windin' up of accounts and a squarin' of the yards for the year that's comin', and viewed in that light, perhaps there's some sense after all in the turnin' of new leaves—and perhaps, while about it, a bigger account book might not be unreasonable." Just now, it may be supposed, there's a lively rattling of leaves in all the dwellings this side the blue waters, let us hope to the general profit and improvement.

JUST SO.—The intimation that it is probable that an effort will be made to abolish the free king privilege, has greatly incensed those who are benefited by the privilege; in fact, it has ignited a frank indignation among them.

LOST AND FOUND.—A Chillicothe (Ohio) paper publishes a notice to this effect—"The person who lost a spotted calf on Wednesday, can find the same by calling at this office." A glance at the paper forces us to say so, too.

A MERE QUESTION.—Would it be fair play to style a merchant a "husky dog" who has half a dozen barks upon the run?

"CORRECT."

We heard a man remark the other day that Edwin Booth was not a *correct* actor. Upon questioning him, we found that his objection was that Booth was too fond of making his voice musical, and going into gutturals. Forrest, according to the same critic, was even worse, besides inclining toward rant. Jefferson, in "Rip Van Winkle," was allowed to be the most so of any; yet even he was censured for being too slow, and looking too much to creating impressions. Some men's ideas of correctness remind us of the pictures of the Garden of Eden we sometimes meet with in old bibles. They are generally an exact square, with the four rivers bounding the four sides, paths crossing at right angles—bridges over the streams—a neatly walled canal, perfect flower bed, and the tree of knowledge in the exact centre, with the snake coiled in spirals about it; Adam and Eve stand on either side, and the beasts are behind in a precise semi-circle.

Many will recall the anecdote of the French fencing master, against whom an awkward lout made a successful pass, causing the angry *Monsieur* to exclaim, "You had no business to hit me then. You must never thrust in *quarte* till you have thrust in *tierce!*" Tom Sayers was probably not a very correct boxer, yet no one doubts that he was the best man breathing of his inches and avoirdupois. At base ball we have seen cricketers batting according to rule, and doing it gracefully too; but then some of the less finished fellows who had scarcely seen a wicket, would have much better averages to show. Bonaparte was a very *incorrect* general, according to some of the old tactics brought up by military rule. But his campaigns were wonderful examples of untaught successes.

Now we submit that to be perfectly natural on the stage is not entirely correct. There is a

THE RING.

TRIAL OF GEORGE SEDDONS.

The case of George Seddons, charged with having the State for the purpose of engaging in a prize fight with Tom Kelly, at the Isle of Pheels, on the 8th of October last, was brought up for trial before Chief Justice Ames, in the Superior Criminal Court, at Boston, on the 29th ult. Much interest was manifested in the proceedings, and the court room was pretty well filled with members of the sporting fraternity. Major J. W. Mahan appeared as counsel for Seddons, and General P. R. Guiney for the Government. The Court, in charging the jury, said the issues were narrowed down to the question of the residence of the defendant. "Seddons had been working here for a number of years for Mr. Keiner, down to some time in April or May last. Then he ceased to work for him and went away to New York. What was it at going to New York? Was it a mere temporary visit to his father, or was it a change of residence? If he went away merely to visit, with intent to come back here to follow the business he carried on before, and did come back, his going to New York was not a change of residence. But if he closed up in Massachusetts, gave up business here, went away to New York with intention to stay there and not to come back here, rendering it accidental about coming back, his residence here would have been said to be terminated. Where was his residence between April or May and October? He was seen in the streets on different times, and once or twice in a hotel. If he was stopping at a hotel merely, he would not be called a resident. During the time July he was employed for a few days by Kilner, it seems to me you could say, that during that time he was a resident here, and was staying here. A man like the defendant, unmarried and without a family, who stays in a city thirty days may be called a citizen whether or not he paid taxes or voted there, even though he person intended to leave the place at the end of that time. If the defendant had transferred himself to New York and had taken up a residence there, and visited this city for only a short space of time (and all that continuous), and then he passes through Massachusetts to fight, he cannot be called a resident here. Then the whole question narrows itself down to that. He was an unmarried man, at work for a number of years at Kilner's shop; he goes away in April, going to New York. His father testifies that his intention was to go into the business of manufacturing shirts and drawers. The testimony is that they did not go into business, but looked around preparatory to going into business. The question is, where in point of fact was he residing at that time? His home may be in one place and he may be making frequent visits in another; that must be proved by evidence of so conclusive a character that it cannot be left a matter of doubt or dispute." The general impression was that under the charge the jury could not help acquitting Seddons, and the officers in the case could not help seeming impressed, but the jury, after being out thirty-five minutes, returned a verdict of guilty. Seddons was then ordered to furnish bail in $4,000. The case will be carried to the Supreme Court upon questions of law, and it was expected that a motion for a new trial would be made.

BILL DAVIS' VERSION OF THAT AFFRAY.

We give below a communication from Bill Davis, in reference to the fracas which occurred recently at his training quarters:—

St. Louis, Dec. 29, 1868.

FRANK QUINN.—DEAR SIR.—Will you please to allow me space in your columns to set myself right before the public, by giving a correct account of the affray in which I was engaged on Christmas day. I had just finished my dinner and was preparing for my afternoon walk, when I was informed that Joe Coburn had struck me a blow from behind, on the kidneys. I turned around to see what was the matter, when I saw a tall fellow standing over me, and letting drive, left and right again at my head. I dodged back and escaped, when he followed me up and we went along for about a minute and exchanged left and right, when he fell, and, in the heat of passion, I kicked him once. After they picked him up and washed him he came to me and begged my pardon for having assaulted me, saying it was all a mistake. I told him I did not know that it was a put up job; but as a matter of course, I excused him, and so the matter ended for the time. I went out for my walk with Bill Blake, *alias* "Dublin Tricks," my trainer, and when I returned the man whom I had the difficulty with was still in the house, with five or six others. all armed, and who had shown their weapons to the proprietor of the house, Mr. Doyle, threatening to kill me on sight. Mr. Doyle and others paid no attention to their threats, thinking they were made in drunken braggadocia. When I came in the man whom I had the difficulty with approached me, he drew out his hand and begged my pardon again. I saw there was deceit in his eyes and kept a sharp look out. He tried to draw me to him as we shook hands, when a smaller man stepped between us, and, from a sword, made a plunge at my stomach with a knife thirteen or fourteen inches long. I jumped back and struck the big fellow and the littler one, almost simultaneously, with my walking stick, knocking them down. Almost at the same moment another man struck at me sideways, and, as I would have it, I saw the blow quick enough to ward it off, but in doing so cut my wrist slightly. I was taken so much by surprise by the unsharpness that I got into a rage and ran up stairs to arm myself. When I was fixed for the fray in the house, with several others, had the doors closed, so I could not get in, otherwise the damage might have been ser ous. Yours respectfully,

WM. M. DAVIS.

THE CALLAGHER-ELLIOTT CONTROVERSY.

CHARLEY'S VERSION OF THE AFFAIR.

He Challenges Elliott to Meet Him Again for $2,000.

AND SENDS FIFTY DOLLARS AS FORFEIT.

The communications which appeared in our columns a couple of weeks ago, over the signature of Jim Colbert, wherein the writer sought to defend his alleged unfair conduct as referee in the late disgraceful meeting between Charley Gallagher and Jimmy Elliott, has elicited a counter statement from Gallagher, which, in order that each side may have an impartial hearing and prevent the possibility of either man being unjustly injured in the estimation of the public, we give publication to, as we did that of Colbert, without comment. The challenge embodied in the communication, backed up as it is by money, will go far toward convincing our readers of the truth of the statements made by Charley, and the only chance Elliott has to redeem himself and prevent the title of public opinion from settling in too strongly against him is to accept the *defi*, and use his best endeavors, in a square, honest encounter, to prove that he is, as he asserts, the better man of the two; it he can find backers to post the required amount for him there is nothing left open for the proprietors of the Metropolitan to do but agree to his late antagonist. That he is willing to fight in the vicinity of the place designated by Charley the card from him in last week's issue would seem to prove, and therefore it is probable that they will make arrangements long for another meeting. Read the following:—

ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec. 23, 1868.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER—DEAR SIR.—I notice a piece in your issue of last week from James Colbert the referee in the fight between Elliott and myself, at Peach Island, in which he tries to clear himself of the foul wrong that Elliott, the most of the crowd who were there, and himself committed upon me. He says he did not want to set as referee, as it is a very critical position to be placed in. As soon as he was chosen referee he walked into the ring and said the best man should win, that we were to fight it on our own merits; he never once refused to act. He says he never in his life saw a man in better condition than I was; that I am proud of—it shows that I meant business. He says Elliott was flabby and fat. Elliott had as much time to get in condition as I did; why did he not do so? It's a pain enough to fight as it is (I mean fighting—he meant to win the money by a crowd, which he proved successful in. I have often heard Elliott say he could get as fit to fight in one or two weeks as he could get in two months. Johnny Gallagher can say the same thing (in the bakery) house. Colbert says I fought well in the first few rounds, but when I got struck several times on the side of the head it seemed to bother me. He knows this is falsehood. Elliott's hits never bothered me. I think I hit harder and more to the point than he did. He says I would stand in the middle of the ring, lookint at Elliott, and would not go near him. If I was in the middle of the ring why did not Ell etome to me? He says I never led off; I never did. In both battles I was fighting as I was told to do by my second, Johnny Mackey, as he and Danny Monahan can prove. He says the tenth round was well fought; that Elliott punished me dread fully, and that I never was the same man afterward. Those are all false statements. How could I be punished dreadfully when after the fight I had not a cut on my face or body, save a gash on my left side, where Elliott kicked me with his spike. The only punishment I received in the fight was a hit on the nose and one on the mouth, and how was that a put up job; but as a matter of course, I exposed him, and so the matter ended for the time. I went out for my walk with Bill Blake, *alias* "Dublin Tricks," my trainer, and when I returned the man whom I had the difficulty with was still in the house, with five or six others, all armed, and who had shown their weapons to the proprietor of the house, Mr. Doyle, threatening to kill me on sight. Mr. Doyle and others paid no attention to their threats, thinking they were made in drunken braggadocia. When I came in the man whom I had the difficulty with approached me, he drew out his hand and begged my pardon again. I saw there was deceit in his eyes and kept a sharp look out. He tried to draw me to him as we shook hands, when a smaller man stepped between us, and, from a sword, made a plunge at my stomach with a knife thirteen or fourteen inches long. I jumped back and struck the big fellow and the littler one, almost simultaneously, with my walking stick, knocking them down. Almost at the same moment another man struck at me sideways, and, as I would have it, I saw the blow quick enough to ward it off, but in doing so cut my wrist slightly. I was taken so much by surprise by the unsharpness that I got into a rage and ran up stairs to arm myself. When I was fixed for the fray in the house, with several others, had the doors closed, so I could not get in, otherwise the damage might have been ser ous. Yours respectfully,

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ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec. 23, 1868.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER—DEAR SIR.—I notice a piece in your issue of last week from James Colbert the referee in the fight between Elliott and myself, at Peach Island, in which he tries to clear himself of the foul wrong that Elliott, the most of the crowd who were there, and himself committed upon me. He says he did not want to set as referee, as it is a very critical position to be placed in. As soon as he was chosen referee he walked into the ring and said the best man should win, that we were to fight it on our own merits; he never once refused to act. He says he never in his life saw a man in better condition than I was; that I am proud of—it shows that I meant business. He says Elliott was flabby and fat. Elliott had as much time to get in condition as I did; why did he not do so? It's a pain enough to fight as it is (I mean fighting—he meant to win the money by a crowd, which he proved successful in. I have often heard Elliott say he could get as fit to fight in one or two weeks as he could get in two months. Johnny Gallagher can say the same thing (in the bakery) house. Colbert says I fought well in the first few rounds, but when I got struck several times on the side of the head it seemed to bother me. He knows this is a falsehood. Elliott's hits never bothered me. I think I hit harder and more to the point than he did. He says I would stand in the middle of the ring, lookint at Elliott, and would not go near him. If I was in the middle of the ring why did not Ell etome to me? He says I never led off; I never did. In both battles I was fighting as I was told to do by my second, Johnny Mackey, as he and Danny Monahan can prove. He says the tenth round was well fought; that Elliott punished me dread fully, and that I never was the same man afterward. Those are all false statements. How could I be punished dreadfully when after the fight I had not a cut on my face or body, save a gash on my left side, where Elliott kicked me with his spike. The only punishment I received in the fight was a hit on the nose and one on the mouth, and how was that a put up job; but as a matter of course, I exposed him, and so the matter ended for the time. I went out for my walk with Bill Blake, *alias* "Dublin Tricks," my trainer, and when I returned the man whom I had the difficulty with was still in the house, with five or six others, all armed, and who had shown their weapons to the proprietor of the house, Mr. Doyle, threatening to kill me on sight. Mr. Doyle and others paid no attention to their threats, thinking they were made in drunken braggadocia. When I came in the man whom I had the difficulty with approached me, he drew out his hand and begged my pardon again. I saw there was deceit in his eyes and kept a sharp look out. He tried to draw me to him as we shook hands, when a smaller man stepped between us, and, from a sword, made a plunge at my stomach with a knife thirteen or fourteen inches long. I jumped back and struck the big fellow and the littler one, almost simultaneously, with my walking stick, knocking them down. Almost at the same moment another man struck at me sideways, and, as I would have it, I saw the blow quick enough to ward it off, but in doing so cut my wrist slightly. I was taken so much by surprise by the unsharpness that I got into a rage and ran up stairs to arm myself. When I was fixed for the fray in the house, with several others, had the doors closed, so I could not get in, otherwise the damage might have been ser ous. Yours respectfully,

WM. M. DAVIS.

THE CALLAGHER-ELLIOTT CONTROVERSY.

CHARLEY'S VERSION OF THE AFFAIR.

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THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

ABE HICKEN DECLARES HIMSELF READY TO MEET ANYBODY.

The present champion of the light weight arena, Abe Hicken, came on to this City last week for the purpose of receiving his portion of the money depending upon his recent engagement with Pete Maguire, and on Wednesday, 30th ult., called at this office. At this time, just one week from the day of battle, he exhibited no signs of having been a principa in such an encounter, save a very slight discoloration of the left eye, and a faint mark about two inches in length on his left side, showing where the skin had been scraped by coming in contact with a stake; otherwise he looked as good as new, proving that the injuries he sustained were of a very trifling nature, especially when compared with those received by his opponent. His present intentions are set forth in the following sweeping challenge, which, it will be observed, bars none, but takes in everybody of his weight and inches, or anywhere near it:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 30th, 1868.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—Having heard that the backers of my late antagonist, Peter Maguire, are desirous of making a fresh match with me as soon as he has recovered from his injuries, I wish to state that they will find me prepared at any time they may choose to make a match at from 124lbs to 135lbs weight, scale the day before fighting, for from one thousand to five thousand dollars a side. If they do not wish to get on again, I am ready to meet anybody upon the conditions above mentioned. A favorable answer through the columns of the CLIPPER, from any quarter, will be anxiously looked for and promptly attended to by Yours, respectfully,

ABE HICKEN, Light-Weight Champion of America.

If Maguire and his friends are unwilling to enter into a second engagement upon the terms proposed, as it is believed will prove the case, will not some of our other light-weights try Hicken's mettle? There is some talk of a match being made between Abe and Tim Collins, but it is not likely it will come to anything, as the disparity in avoirdupois is too great.

TWO MILE IN ONE RING.—On Tuesday, Dec. 15th, E. Kelly and F. Boyle (both of Glasgow, Scotland), fought at catch weight, for £5 a side, at the Stearns, Renfrewshire, about nine miles and a half from Glasgow. As the match was only made the previous week, both the combatants were far from being in condition; Boyle, however, looked better than Kelly. About nine o'clock the party arrived, but ere the fight began a couple of hours were spent in selecting a referee; at last a suitable gentleman was obtained, and, at ten minutes past 11 the fight began. Kelly is 20 years of age, 5ft. 4¼in. high, and weighed 8st. 7lbs. Boyle is about the same age, 5ft. 7in. high and about 9st. 5lbs. weight. Round 1. Before a blow was struck, 30 minutes' sparring ensued, Kelly always getting back to his corner. At length Boyle got off his guard, Kelly dashed at him, and a few sharp exchanges ensued, they closed, and both fell, Boyle under. 2. After long sparring Boyle worked Kelly to his corner, landed his left on the chest, and got away. Boyle led at the head, but was nearly stopped. Both now dropped their hands, and looked at each other for a short time. However, having got to work again, Kelly gave Boyle a smack on the mouth, which led to some sharp exchanges, Boyle on the body and his opponent on the head. They closed and both fell after a short struggle, Boyle undermost. 3. Boyle visited Kelly's ribs twice without a return; they then wrestled, and both fell, Boyle under. 4 and 5. These were similar to the preceding. 6 and last. Tedious sparring, and after a few exchanges both got away, and Boyle fell. Kelly's umpire appealed to the referee, and that functionary ordered the fight to be stopped, stating that he would give his decision in town. It was decided to return to each man his share of the stakes. Time, 1h. 40min. Neither of them was much punished. J. Kilty and J. McGuire then entered the ring to fight, at catch weight, for a small stake, after a most extraordinary mill, lasting 1h. 50min., during which 64 rounds were fought, it was agreed to make the battle a draw, both men being fearfully punished. As the men were making their way to town Boyle and Hilly were taken into custody and conveyed to Polmkshaw Prison. The same night one of Boyle's seconds, Jem Warnock, was apprehended in Glasgow.

OLD TIMES AT THE APOLLO.—Though the fixture for Ed. Toubey's exhibition did not attract as large an assemblage as he had reason to anticipate it would, still it brought together a goodly number of the old boys to the Ape to Rooms, and we doubt not considerably more than reimbursed Edward for his holiday expenditures. It was productive of plenty of boxing, good, bad and indifferent, accordingly as the mits were wielded by experts or novices, Uncle Tovee having very little difficulty in getting the lads together, all of which went to show their friendship for Toubey. The principal set-to of the evening, in point of science, was that between the portly professor, Bill Clark, and a tall son of York, Phillips by name, which was as productive of merriment as it was excellent in skill. The other sets-to were between McGinnis and Madden, Omealia and Lafferty (good), Hussey and Cleaves, Teddy Miller and English, the Stenson brothers, Larkin and Young Boyle, Miller and Omealia, Hinds and Doran, Clarry and Still, "Scotty of Newark" and Conner, and the wind-up between Toubey and Mickey of avenue B, the latter display being especially fine. In addition to this, Messrs. Doran and Clarkson swung the Indian clubs, and Young McGowan sang a comic song, which he was obliged to repeat. Tovee, as usual, returned thanks on behalf of Toubey, and announced an exhibition for the evening of the 13th inst., at the Broadway Opera House.

IN QUOD.—Jack Milet, who seconded Lafferty in his fight with Barton, and was once anxious for a brush with "Cast Iron" Collins, was sent to jail for three months, and fined $250, by Judge Straub, of the Police Court of Cincinnati, for being so naughty as to knock down a couple of law-abiding citizens of Porkopolis on Christmas night.

THE WAY THEY DO THINGS IN NEBRASKA.—An exchange states that a milking match recently took place in a saloon at Bryan, Kansas, in which 16 rounds were contested. Music preceded and followed the fight, at the close of which there was a dance. The ladies of the *corps de ballet* attached to the saloon occupied seats on the music stand during the fight, and enjoyed the entertainment exceedin ly.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Butt Filey, Patsy Sheppard and D. M. Monahan.

THE GLOVES AT THE APOLLO.—Some of the friends of Johnny Walker, of Nottingham, a notice of whose arrival recently appeared in this department, wishing to show their friendship for him, have secured the Apollo Rooms, 76 Prince street, for Monday evening next, 11th inst., when he will there be tendered a complimentary benefit. A number of the boxing "lights" are expected to lend a helping hand upon the stage, and for the wind up the beneficiary will make his *debut* in the metrop. along with Dan Kerrigan.

FIGHT IN THE CREOLE STATE.—A correspondent informs us that a fight for a purse of fifty dollars took place at the Oaks, New Orleans, La., between Danny Carr, who hails from Chicago, and Pat Malley, of that city, who, it will be recollected, fought and was defeated by the late Tom King. Some forty rounds were fought, occupying two hours and ten minutes, until the fight was lost by a foul on the part of Malley, although the referee cautioned him several times. Malley's left eye was completely closed, and the left part of his face battered up. Carr received very little punishment, except around the body. Thos. Barlow acted as referee.

UNTRUE.—The account sent us by a correspondent of an encounter alleged to have taken place near Akron, O., between Daniel McNaughton and an unknown, is said to be incorrect, as no such fight occurred.

TOM MCALPINE was advertised to take a benefit in St. Louis on the evening of the 2d inst.

MCALPINE AND BUSBY.—In a note received from Tom McAlpine, he says that he was not able to take any exercise for three weeks prior to his fight with Fred Busby, and that he won the fight six different times before he was awarded it. He concludes by saying that he will make a match with Busby early next summer, providing he has his health.

ENDED IN SMOKE.—There was a misunderstanding upon the part of Owney Geogheghan in regard to the time appointed for posting an additional deposit and drawing up regul r articles for the proposed mill between him and the man whom Jim Colbert was to produce, the conditions being that the latter was to whip Owney in an hour. As stated in our last issue, Geogheghan was at the appointed place on the afternoon of the 28th ult., and upon the party of the second part not showing up, left, announcing his intention of claiming the hundred dollars then up. It seems, however, that he was a trifle ahead of time, as Wednesday, Dec. 30th was the day named in the agreement; and upon the latter date a meeting of the parties was held (Wm. Fallon, of Philadelphia, acting for Colbert), when, as neither side, after having carefully considered the matter, desired to go on with the match, it was mutually agreed to draw the money already staked. So ends the affair.

JOHNNY LAFFERTY had a fair attendance at his benefit in Cresap's Hall, Cincinnati, on the evening of the 26th ult.

DICK HOLLIWOOD was in Chicago at last accounts.

COCKING.

THE NEW YORK REVISED RULES

ON

COCK FIGHTING.

ARTICLE 1.—The Pit shall be a circular Pit, at least eighteen feet in diameter, and not less than sixteen inches in height, the floor of which shall be covered with carpet or some other material. There shall be a chalk or other mark made as near as can be to the centre of the Pit; there shall also be two outer marks, which shall be one foot each way from the centre mark.

ARTICLE 2.—The Pitters shall each choose one Judge, who shall choose a Referee. Said Judges shall decide all matters in dispute during the pendency of a fight, but in case of their inability to agree, then it shall be the duty of a Referee to decide, and his decision shall be final.

ARTICLE 3.—Chickens shall take their age from the first day of March, and shall be chickens during the following fighting season, to wit:—from the first day of March, 1868, to the first day of June, 1869.

ARTICLE 4.—It shall be deemed foul for either of the respective Pitters to pit a cock or chicken with what is termed a foul heckle, that is, any of the feathers left whole on the mane or neck.

ARTICLE 5.—The Pitters shall let each other bill three or more times, but this is not to be construed that a Pitter of a cock has a right to bill with his opponent's cock for the purpose of fatiguing him.

ARTICLE 6.—No person shall be permitted to handle his cock after he has fairly delivered in the Pit, unless he counts ten, clear and distinct, without either cock making fight, or shall be fast in his adversary, or fast in the carpet, or hung in the web of the Pit, or in himself.

ARTICLE 7.—Any cock that may get on his back, the Pitter thereof shall turn him off it, but not take him off the ground he is lying on.

ARTICLE 8.—Whenever a cock is fast in his adversary, the Pit or on the cock the spurs are fast in shall draw them out, but the Pitter of a cock has no right to draw out his own spur, except when fast in himself, or in the carpet, or in the web of the Pit.

ARTICLE 9.—When either Pitter shall have counted ten tens in succession without the cock refusing fight, making fight, or breaking them fair on their feet, breast to breast and beak to beak, on the centre score or mark, on the fifth ten being told, and also on the ninth ten being told, shall have won the fight. The Pitters are bound to tell each ten as they count them, as follows—once, etc.

ARTICLE 10.—No Pitter, after the cocks have been delivered in the Pit, shall be permitted to clean their beaks or their eyes by blowing or other else, or to squeezing a cock, or pressing him against the floor during the pendency of a fight.

ARTICLE 11.—When a cock is pounded, and no person takes it until the Pitter counts twenty twice, and calls three times "Who takes it?" and no person takes it, it is a battle to the cock the odds are on; but the Pit or of the pounded cock has the right to have the pound put up, that is, twenty dollars against one; should not this be complied with, then the Pitter shall go as though there were no poundage.

ARTICLE 12.—If a cock is pounded, and the poundage taken, and if the cock the odds are against should get up and knock down his adversary, then if the other cock is pounded and the poundage not taken before the Pitter counts twenty twice, and calls out, "Who takes it?" three times, he is, although there was a poundage be one.

ARTICLE 13.—It shall be the duty of the respective Pitters to deliver their cocks fair on their feet on the outer mark or score, facing each other, and in a standing position, except on the fifth ten being told, and also on the nin h ten being told, when they shall be placed on the centre score, breast to breast and beak to beak, in like manner. Any Pitter being guilty of showing his cock across the score, or of pinching him, or using any unfair means for the purpose of making his cock fight, shall lose the fight.

ARTICLE 14.—If both cocks fight together, and then if both should refuse until they are counted out, in such cases a fresh cock is to be handed and brought into the pit; and the Pitters are to toss up or which cock it is to set to first; he that wins the toss has the choice; then the one which is to set to last is to set to it on up, but not carried off the pit; then the handed cock is to be put down to the other and set fight whilst the judges, or one of them, shall count twenty, and the other in the manner; and if one fight and the other refuse, it is a battle to the fighting cock; but if both fight, or both refuse, it is a drawn battle.

ARTICLE 15.—If both cocks refuse fighting until four, five, or more or less ters are counted, the Pitters shall continue their count until one cock has refused ten times; for when a Pitter begins to count, he counts for both cocks.

ARTICLE 16.—If a cock should die before they are counted out, if he fights last he wins the battle; this, however, is not to apply when his adversary is running away.

ARTICLE 17.—The gruntog or raking of the heckle of a cock is not fight, nor his fighting at the Pitter's hands.

ARTICLE 18.—A breaking cock is a fighting cock; but a cock breaking from his adversary is not fight.

ARTICLE 19.—If any dispute arise between the Pitters on the result of a fight, the cocks are not to be taken off the Pit, nor the gaffs taken off until it is decided by the judges or referee.

ARTICLE 20.—Each cock, within two ounces of each other, shall be a match, except blinkers; when fighting against two eyed cocks, an allowance of from three to five ounces shall be made; when blinkers are matched against each other, the same rule to apply as to two eyed cocks.

ARTICLE 21.—Any person fighting a cock heavier than he is represented on the match list, shall lose the fight, although he may have won.

ARTICLE 22.—In all cases of appeal, fighting ceases until the judges or the referee give their decision, which shall be final and strictly to the question before them.

ARTICLE 23.—When a bet is made, it cannot be declared off, unless by consent of both parties; all outside bets to go according to the main bet.

ARTICLE 24.—Each Pitter, when delivering his cock on the score, shall take his hands off him as quickly as possible.

ARTICLE 25.—Any person violating any of the above rules shall be deemed to have lost the match.

CURLING.

THE GORDON MEDAL TOURNAMENT.—It has been definitely settled that the tournament for the champion rink medal, the gift of Mr. Gordon, will eventuate at New York and Buffalo, the game in this city commencing at noon of the 12th instant at the Central Park pond, and in Buffalo one week later, the victorious rinks at each place playing the final and deciding game at the latter city on the day following the close of the tourney there, probably in the skating rink. Those clubs desiring to take part in the tournament at Central Park are requested to address Alex. Dalrymple, Vice President, No. 72 Bank street, N. Y., and those who intend playing at Buffalo will communicate with David Bell, President, Buffalo. Should the ice prove unfavorable the above named gentlemen will duly notify the clubs interested.

THE DISTRICT MEDALS.—The Canadian branch of the Royal Caledonian Club, of Scotland, held a meeting recently, when the following clubs were designated as competitors for the eight local or district medals awarded by the parent society:—Quebec against Montreal Caledonian; Buckingham against Kingston; Hope against Bowmansville; Ancaster against London; Paris against Thames; Hamilton against Ayr, and Ancaster Thistle against Chatham.

SINGLE RINK CONTEST.—The Central Park pond was the scene of an interesting single rink match between players chosen from the leading clubs of Gotham by Major Manson, of the gallant Seventy-ninth Regiment and Harry Thompson, of the Caledonians, who acted as skips, the players being respectively Lowlanders and Highlanders. The struggle lasted 3½ hours, and the Major's men won by a score of 16 to 11.

THE THISTLES DEFEAT THE PATERSON CLUB.—On Monday, Dec. 28th, the Thistle Club, of Jersey City, and the Paterson Club played an exciting match upon the rink at Lafayette. We subjoin the score:—Thistle.—First Rink—Players, Stevens, McKnight, Edward and Pringle; 28 points. Second—Lyons, Bailey, Lochridge and Donnely; 26 points. Third—A. McKnight, J. W. McKnight, Wade and Halliday; 25 points. Total, 84 points. Paterson.—First Rink.—Players, Prescott, Horton, Slattery and Inglis, 20 points. Second—Smith, Richmond, Flynn and Hoxie; 26 points. Third—Collier, Watson, Jamison, Stapleton; 26 points. Total 72 points.

SKATING.

THE SPORT IN TOWN AND OUT OF TOWN.

The month of December, of the dead and gone old year, gave the admirers of the skatorial art more than an average number of skating days. The ice in this vicinity strong enough to allow of the sport was formed by the cold snap of Tuesday night, Dec. 2. On the following day the "first skater of the season" made his appearance on one of the Brookman ponds, and for the balance of the week the ice at the Fifth avenue and other ponds was in excellent condition, and the favorite winter amusement was fairly inaugurated. On the thirty-one days in the month there was skating on at least twenty. The severe snow storm that fell about the 6th ult. broke up the not over strong ice, and it was not till the 9th ult. that the pastime was resumed. The effect of the storm was then said to still more injure the snow ice which covered all the ponds. For this reason the ice has not been as good as it would otherwise have been.

IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN,

since our last, there has been several days of very fair sport. The Park ponds, on one or two occasions, have presented a fair surface of ice, and the attendance was very large. As a general thing, however, the attractions at the private ponds and rinks have been sufficient to draw off those who usually resort to the Park lakes. At the Fifth avenue pond, where the New York Club hold forth, the numbers in attendance on the pleasant afternoons and evenings was fully as large as during any previous week this season. One of the Union pond ice-planes made its appearance on the 30 h, and for the future the patrons of the Fifth avenue will have the best ice on the island. The Rink kept its doors open every day and evening. On two or three evenings the rink was crowded with skaters, but as a general thing the attendance was quite limited. The truth is, the rink folks have not been very successful with their ice thus far. It has been quite rough on every occasion when we have been present. What the managers expect to do in the future we do not know, but we imagine that even the pleasures of skating in a rink, free from the elements, will not compensate for poor ice. The managers must also pay more attention to the disorderly element that is apt to make its appearance at all places of public amusement.

On all the Brooklyn ponds the sport raged furiously all the week, with the exception of one, of New Year's Day, when it stormed so severely. The new rink opened on the 24, and is now giving the old and favorite open ponds a close run for poor ice. Quite a number of the Brooklyn club took part in the inauguration, and the affair was a brilliant success. Among the fair skaters present were Miss Fanny Powell and Mrs. Robins.

THE JERSEY CITY RINK.

The opening of this rink, which was to have taken place on the 28th, was postponed till New Year's eve, when its doors were thrown open to an impatient public. On New Year's day we spent an hour or two at the rink, and in justice to manager Hinson, who has been so successful in his efforts to give the J rseymen good ice, we must say that we have not seen any ice to compare with what we found at the rink in all our travels this season. We found quite a number of crack skaters on hand, including President Norton, of the Eagles, who seemed as much at home on the ice as he do s on the turf. The members of the New York Club have been invited to be present on some evening this week, and a brilliant exhibition will then take place. The Newark rink, which, under the superintendence of Mr. Beehinel, has been pushed so rapidly to a completion, will be open on the first cold snap.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

Frank Swift has finally concluded to come East and fulfill the engagement he made some weeks ago to skate James C. Mead for the champion medal and $2 000. Finding that Mead could not be induced to visit Buffalo or Rochester to pull off the match, he writes us that he will skate Mead at either the Brooklyn or Jersey rinks. The day has not yet been named for this important event, but it will probably take place in the latter part of this month. Speculation has not been indulged in to any extent as yet, owing to the hitch in the arrangements. Now that everything is settled upon except the day, those who desire to put up on their favorite will have an opportunity to back their opinions.

NOVELTIES IN PREPARATION.

Now that the holidays are over we shall have a succession of novelties at the different ponds and rinks. The Third avenue folks opened the ball on the 2d in a hornpipe race, and will follow this up in a short time by a carnival. There will be a carnival at the Union Pond this week, to be followed by a succession of novelties. At the Fifth avenue the New York Club will give their first masquerade carnival next week, and if it is anything like the one they gave last season we promise the admirers of such affairs one of the most magnificent spectacles they ever witnessed.

OUT OF TOWN GOSSIP.

The three rinks in Philadelphia will open next week, or sooner providing, of course, that Jack Frost favors them with one or two days of cold weather. Great preparations are being made by the rival managers to produce the most attractive professionals, and to get a good send off on the opening week. The Chestnut Street Skating Rink, Philadelphia, will be thrown open to the skating community in a few days, and to add to the interest of the amusement, Beck's Philadelphia Band has been engaged to give concerts in the afternoon and evening. Engagements have been entered into with nearly all the star skaters in the country, and will undoubtedly prove an attractive card. The open ponds of the Quaker City have been open some time, but we know nothing new of them.

The Boston Rink opened on the 28th. Among the notables present were Mr. John Berry, the manufacturer of the celebrated skate that bears his name; Mr. E. W. Clark, of Poughkeepsie; Mr. Charles Fuller, and others.

At the Providence rink, last week, Mr. Charles Ockford completed the task of skating 24 consecutive hours without sleep or rest.

Miss Margie Elwood, the brilliant Canadian skater, was at the Buffalo rink last week.

Miss Carrie A. Moore, the Skatorial Queen, will commence a week's engagement at the Chestnut street rink, Philadelphia, on the 18th.

The Philadelphians are talking of a base ball match on the ice.

K. T. Goodrich was at the Columbus, Ohio, rink, last week.

Last week Frank Swift delighted the Rochesterians at the rink.

The roof of the Auburn, N. Y., rink fell in on the evening of the 24 inst. from the over weight of snow. Fortunately only a few persons were present on the loss of life might have been great. As it was, four children were seriously injured, one of them fatally.

Miss Henrietta Redell, who is justly called the "Queen of the Rink," Mr. Al Howard, the "Brooklyn Favorite," and Mr. Charles Bearman, the "Ice nitrate Jersey Boy," can be engaged after their Philadelphia engagement. See their card.

CALLIE CURTIS and Eugene St. Clair were the skaters at the Cincinnati rink last week. Towards its close, however, the warm weather rather quenched the stars and all the rest of the shabbies.

TH

THE SAILOR'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY P. C. LEAR.

"Ho! benighted and tarry mariner!
Hot suitor of the sea!
Stranger for the sights that you have seen,
Tell of them unto me!
Sit by my side, old man, I pray,
And wondrous tale rehearse
Of what you've seen in bygone years—
I'll put it into verse.

Tell me, O, wrinkled sailor man,
One, for you know a host,
In all your life what was it that
Affected you the most?
Was it some raging sea storm that beat
For many nights and days?
Or did some hot and fierce simoon
Your senses most amaze?

Or when you met the phantom ship?
Or pretty mermaids found?
Or when your mate, from foretop-sail,
Fell overboard and drowned?
When you was chased by privateer,
Got wrecked or saw a ghost?
Tell me, and take your time, what was't
Affected you the most?"

"Young man," the mariner replied,
And wiped his thoughtful eye—
"What you politely ask of me
To tell you I will try.
I've sailed the wide seas over for
These forty years; I ween
I've heard strange sounds, and, stranger still,
The wondrous things I've seen!

But what affected me the most,
In all these varied years,
Was this—and oh! my friend, it did
Affect me unto tears:—
Three days and nights, upon my oath,
I couldn't taste my prog—
The time I was affected most
Was—when they stopped my grog!"

GAVESTON'S HEIR;

OR,

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XLIII.

RUTH RECEIVES A LETTER.

"So it's to be satin, after all, dear Mrs. Gaveston. Mamma's taste was the best, you see. I wanted *moire*, but she said it was old fashioned now, and only fit for old women like her. The idea of mamma calling herself old!"

The speaker was pretty, unsuspecting Ruth Grantley, who was spending a few days with Mrs. Gaveston, with whom she was discussing her wedding attire.

"I think satin is the prettiest, my dear," that lady replied, with much interest. "A rich, white satin is very handsome, and goes very well with good lace. I suppose you will wear that old Spanish point of yours?"

"Yes; it descended to me with my name and my fortune. It is dirty looking stuff; but mamma says that is its beauty. I really don't see what I want with a wedding dress at all, it is to be such a private affair—just my little sisters for bridesmaids, and you to keep mamma in countenance. Poor mamma. She hinted to her the other day that I would rather be married in my old brown silk, and you should only have seen her horror. I do believe, sometimes, that she thinks the marriage won't be legal because it is not to be celebrated with all the due addenda of crowds, and beadles and two or three clergymen."

"It is very natural, Ruthie dear. I think I should rather like a fine wedding, if either of my girls were going to marry so well as you are."

"Ah, I suppose I'm not like other girls. I wish it was all over. Heigho!"

"What a dismal sigh! What is that about?"

"I was thinking of Alice. I am more sorry than I can tell that she won't come to Beech Grove; and I am so grieved that she is ill to-day. I wanted to have had a nice, long talk to her."

"Alice is very much changed," said Mrs. Gaveston, with a sigh. "Since we left the Hall she is not like the same girl."

She was not, indeed. Her gaiety and light heartedness were all gone. She refused, most pertinaciously—rudely even—to be present at her uncle's wedding; and as steadily declined any of the "talks" Ruth often wished for concerning the details of the ceremony. This day she had refused to see her old friend at all, remaining up stairs on the plea of a headache; and, indeed, her pale face and red eyes indicated that she was suffering, so they let her alone.

"It is a pity Alice is so obstinate," her mother went on. "The dislike she has taken to her uncle seems to me little short of insanity. It is both unjust and uncharitable, for he has been and is most liberal and thoughtful for us."

"Ah! let us talk of something else," said Ruth, with a sigh. "I should have liked Alice for my bridesmaid better than anyone; but it is not to be it seems."

They did talk of something else—of Ruth's plans, of the settlements, of the new arrangements at the Hall, and finally of Mrs. Bartley's sudden exodus. The bride elect knew nothing about it, save the bare fact that she was gone; nor could Mrs. Gaveston tell her much more.

"I could not make Jessie out," she said. She called here in such a strange fashion, so hurried and odd. I never thought her wholesome self before, but she would give no reason for it, only cried, and said she must go, she must go. She has had a quarrel with her master; I ascertained that much from her."

"Perhaps she feels jealous at the prospect of a mistress; she need not, I am sure. I should not interfere with her government."

"A mistress! My dear child, she has had a mistress all the time that she has been there—over fourteen years now—so it cannot be that."

"A new mistress, I should have said. Many old servants feel the uprising of a new dynasty of monarchs in their domain."

"Yet Jessie always declared, from the time that Ralph came home, that she hoped to live to nurse his children now, as it can't be that. We shall just have to wait and have it her way to unravel the mystery. It is a pity she when seized her just at this particular time. I hope the person your mamma wrote about will suit."

"Mamma seems to think she will; and Larkins (our housekeeper, you know), says she has heard her most highly spoken of. Oh, dear! I wish we could be a little house to ourselves somewhere, with just one servant to wait upon us and no one in the parish to think about and please but ourselves."

"Love in a cottage, with a cabbage garden and a pig to pay the rent," laughed Mrs. Gaveston. "Ah, my dear, I think you will like the Hall and your retinue of men servants and maid servants better when you have got over the worry. Well, Mary, what is it?"

"A groom from Beech Grove, ma'am, with a note for Miss Grantley."

It was unimportant, at least to Ruth, though Lady Grantley doubtless thought it a matter of the highest moment.

"Beech Grove, 4 P. M.

"DEAR RUTH.—Don't forget to ask Mrs. Gaveston about those bonnets she was talking to me about the other day. I did not think of remembering it before you left, and I should like yours to be like mine, if the white flowers can be arranged in that way. The enclosed was in the mid-day letter bag, so I send it. Love to Mrs. Gaveston. Ralph will fetch you home after dinner.

"Your affectionate mother, CECILIA GRANTLEY."

"Poor mamma—what mountains she does make out of molehills!" said Ruth, with a smile, as she laid down the letter. "She is as much concerned about the fashion of my bouquet, as though all the world were to be at my wedding. What can this unlucky epistle be about, I wonder? It does not look either pleasant or business like."

Ruth had a good deal of business correspondence on her own account, and clerkly looking letters, addressed to "Miss Grantley," were by no means uncommon in the Beech Grove letter bag; but this one did not look like business. It was written in an untidy, sprawling hand, on very coarse paper, and the seal was impressed with the end of a key. The postmark was "Glasgow"—a fact which was mysterious enough to Ruth, who proceeded to tear open the clumsy dispatch with not a little curiosity.

"I don't know a soul in Scotland," she said, "and I didn't know any one there knew me. Why, it is anonymous!" she added, after tearing it open. "Do you think I ought to read it?"

"Reading it can do no harm. The worst of nameless epistles is that they are usually extremely impertinent and annoying."

"I think it would take a good deal to annoy me now, Ruth replied, commencing the awkward looking letter.

Mrs. Gaveston watched her, and saw her cheek grow pale and her rosy lips quiver as she read.

"It is too wicked!" she exclaimed at length, dashing the paper down upon the table. "Oh, how I wish I could find out who it is that does such things and have them punished! Nothing would be too bad for them."

Mrs. Gaveston took it up. "May I read it?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; read it, and see what dreadful people there are in the world. Some one owes me a grudge, you see, and I didn't know I had an enemy in the world."

"I don't believe you have, dear, whatever may be in this letter. Don't look so troubled, Ruth; it is only a piece of vulgar malice."

She spoke cheerily, but she had not read many lines before she, too, looked grave and perplexed. There could be but little doubt that the letter had some truth in it:—

"HONORED MISS.—This comes from a friend as is sincere to warn you as there's mischief a-foot, and sorrow and misery in store for them as has to deal with the Squire at Gaveston Hall. Honored Miss, if you marry him, you will rue it to the end of your days; but you'll never be his wife, though you mayn't believe it now; there's one will be at the Hall afore your wedding as can prove that Mr. Gaveston is not all you think he is, and that he and none other done murder out in the forest by Yale, in America. Honored Miss, I present writer means no offence, but would only like to save an innocent young lad from falling into the trap as is set for her. I did say a deal more, but the time aint come for it yet; though it is, and I shall be able to speak out and so will others. So, think over, miss, and try and believe that this comes from

"A WELL WISHER.

"To Miss Ruth Grantley, Beech Grove, near Warwick."

"Well," said Ruth, when Mrs. Gaveston had finished it, "what do you think about it? Is it not a wicked tissue of it?"

"I hope it is, dear; nay, I believe it is. Ralph has been so talk about his antecedents—about his wild life and the way was suspected of that dreadful murder—that, if I were you, would just try and put it out of my head. Anonymous letters generally pieces of spite. I dare say, now, this comes from one of those digger people my brother used to speak of. bodies they envy his good fortune."

"Shall I show it to him?"

"Well, use your own judgement about that. You know best he would take it."

"I don't like having any secrets from him, and I can't do any as the writer isn't here for him to annihilate."

She tried to put it out of her head; but she could not help thing of it, and the time appeared very long before her be- d came to fetch her. He noticed there was something con- ned and absent in her manner and questioned her about it. old him, after a little hesitation, and took out the letter; but it was too dark for him to read in the carriage. She could see she looked very pale in the moonlight, but she deemed it only annoyance, and did not detect the uneasy tone in his under his assumed cheerfulness. Once in the light, drawing-room at Beech Grove, he resumed the subject.

"Now for this tremendous epistle, Ruthie," he said. "Let me this murderous accusation."

He gave it to him; and he read it through, and then tore it and flung the pieces on the fire.

"That's the best thing to do with it, darling," he said. "I don't know where it comes from. It is the work of that man I saw in the park—the one I went to Manchester to see, was to our wedding, still he! May he be won't, for we'll be ied a day or two earlier, and flit away from all our kind ds without any one knowing it. Kiss me, birdie, and tell u don't believe a word of it."

She put up her pretty face, and threw her arms around

believe it!" she said. "No—not if every one in the world Ralph, I'll never believe you can murder any one, Ralph, see you do it! and even then I shall think it is a

rite think so, darling," he replied; "always believe it. go to bed and sleep, and put all sorts of worries ear little head. I'll go and talk to Sir John about our g."

CHAPTER XLIV.

GOOD BY AT WARWICK.

Limping Jack and his supposed sister lived on at Pollock-shaws, quite unsuspicious that they were the objects of any sort of surveillance from the quiet looking man who one day came and inquired for lodgings at their landlady's door; still less did they imagine that the good woman had explained to the utmost of her ability to this eligible stranger who and what her tenants were. Jack had a tolerable knowledge of what the police could do, but he fancied he had laid his plans well, and admonished Ann was a small word to express what he felt when Detective Hawkes walked into his room one morning, and announcing his name, demanded Mrs. Dale at his hands, and also requested the pleasure of his company to Birmingham, to answer to the authorities there for having spirited her away; and also to aid in identifying the Squire of Gaveston as the perpetrator of the American murder.

Jack's terror was piteous to behold—he was neither strong of mind nor body, and all his life long he had had a holy horror of the police. To find them *en fait* to all his movements now was quite overwhelming, and he gave in at once when he heard the dreaded name of the detective mentioned.

"I have done no harm," he said, pitifully, "and so Mr. Dale would say, if he knew all as I know; there's no one in this world to care for her, poor thing, and I've done well by her, and meant to. I only intended to hide a bit till I saw the turn things took."

"Till be all right," the detective said, with inward amusement at his extreme fright. "We know why you wanted to keep her dark. You want to produce her on the squire's wedding day, and spoil his little game; but that's no go now; it's all blown."

"All blown?"

"Yes. We want you as a witness. A day or two will see the end of it now, and a very short while will end that poor thing's misery and Mr. Dale's distress, if what she has gone through hasn't frightened and worried her wits quite away."

"I hope not; I think not," Jack replied, earnestly. "She's a deal better than she was when I found her, but she don't remember much yet. You can see for yourself that she has been well done for, and the doctor can tell you the same."

Mr. Hawkes took care to have an interview with the medical man who had been called in to the invalid, and he gave it as his opinion that a journey, instead of harming his patient, might prove a very beneficial to her. Her mind was in a transition stage, he said, which kindness and proper treatment would, in all probability, quite restore, while any neglect or unexpected agitation would as certainly confirm the disorder and render her hopelessly insane. He tried with all his might to pump the imperturbable officer, but Mr. Hawkes would tell nothing. He took a glass of wine with the utmost complacency, and let the worthy doctor talk away very much to his own satisfaction, but gave never a hint in reply of who the poor lady really was whom he had been attending so carefully. He found Mrs. Dale disinclined to talk, as I apprehend quite forgetful of all that had befallen her, though she took an eager, child-like interest in the preparations for her removal. Jack was somewhat reassured by Mr. Hawkes' declaration that no charge was to be preferred against him save the one of taking possession of the poor lady in that summary way.

"And you can square all that, I think," he said, cheerily, and with immense self satisfaction, when they were fairly started on their journey southward.

Mrs. Dale grew less apathetic as they got on; she seemed to look out of the windows with more interest, and though she did not take much notice of anything they said to her, she appeared somewhat brighter and more intelligent. They traveled by easy stages, so as not to over fatigue her; but for all that, on the evening of the tenth day after Hawkes' departure from Birmingham in search of Limping Jack, he drove up to the office in a cab, with the long missing Mrs. Dale and the sought for friend of the "squire's."

"Not before you were wanted, Hawkes," the superintendent said. "This affair must not go on any longer without you; you must house your treasure trove somewhere and then come back here. A good deal has turned up since you went away."

A comfortable lodging was found for Limping Jack and his charge, who refused to be separated from him with an obstinacy that plainly showed he had been very kind to her during the time he had taken care of her, and then the detective returned to the office and heard all that had transpired in his absence.

"You had better take the train to Warwick in the morning and see Mr. Ord," the superintendent said. "It will most likely be advisable to proceed in the matter at once; this Kennedy seems to have been spirited off across the sea, but the girl's evidence and this man's will be conclusive. I suspect you are sure he will play no more hiding pranks?"

"Quite, sir. It was the squire he feared, not us. He holds the proofs Mr. Kennedy spoke of—the coin and the parchment document."

"He does?"

"Yes, sir; took them from the body not an hour after the murder. He will give them up all right when he comes to be officially examined; but he is shy and suspicious now. You've heard nothing of the other man, Dan the Devil, I suppose, sir?"

"Nothing but what I showed you in the minutes. He's lurking about I suspect, and will turn up when we least look for him. You will hear if lawyer Ord has any fresh information. He is breaking down sadly, but he fully feels the importance of having everything brought to light."

Hawkes was leaving the office when the superintendent accosted him—

"One thing I forgot," he said. "A rumor reached me to-day that this marriage is to come off a day or two earlier. It must be stopped."

"Of course, sir; and shall if you'll leave it to me."

Poor Mr. Ord did, indeed, look broken and harrassed when waited on by Hawkes the following morning. The detective was touched by the alteration in his appearance, in spite of the amount of misery he was continually witnessing.

"It will be best to proceed at once," the lawyer said, with a deep sigh. "I have no certain information about the marriage, but that poor girl and her family are infatuated about him, and will do whatever he wishes. My advice is that we do not lose a day."

"We don't intend to. We have evidence enough, and the warrant is made out. If we could only have caught that Mr. Kennedy now, but he wont be here for months, even if he gets to Australia alive and well."

"Poor Kennedy, I fear he is paying dearly for having been the first to open our eyes to what was going on. Sometimes I fear that he may have paid with his life for his effort to expose the crime."

There was a knock at the door at this moment, and Mr. Ord's trim parlor maid appeared. "Well, Betsy, what is it?" asked her master; "I told you not at home to anybody."

"I know, sir, but the gentleman will take no denial."

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Kennedy, sir."

"Mr. Kennedy!" exclaimed the lawyer, half paralyzed with amazement, while the usually stolid Hawkes fairly broke out into an exultant "Hurrah!" as the missing man, pale and haggard looking, but alive and in the flesh, walked into the room and closed before them.

For a minute or two they could only shake hands and utter incoherent exclamations and questions; but at length they calmed down, and began to talk rationally.

"All is proved," Mr. Ord said. "We were just going to proceed in the affair without losing any more time."

"I am glad I am not too late. I am not a vindictive man heaven knows, but the sight of that monster in the clutches of the law will be a satisfaction keener than I can tell you."

"We'll go back to Birmingham as soon as possible, if you please, gents," Hawkes said. "This here business will be looked after to night, now. We can rest and talk after."

There was no train till one o'clock and they resolved to lunch first, and over their meal Mr. Kennedy told his story of how he found himself on board the Cygnet and of his break fasting with Mr. Carter.

"Ah, if we could only catch him," said Hawkes, parenthetically, "nothing could be more complete than this case would be; but we can do without him, we can."

"Ah, he left the ship at Gravesend," Mr. Kennedy replied, "he is doubtless taking good care of himself somewhere."

"I don't think so," Hawkes remarked. "I think we shall get him yet; they always some fluttering about like moths to a candle, and get caught when they think themselves safest. Wherever the Squire is, he aint far off."

"I don't doubt it," Ruth replied, returning the kiss with interest. "Now, mamma, darling, you give me one, and let it be a token that you forgive me all I have done that has been wilful and wicked in my life."

"You never were either, my darling," Lady Grantley said, with tearful eyes. "You have always been a blessing here, as you will be in your new home."

Ruth was very silent in her mother's embrace. She had no paint or powder on her soft cheeks, so the tears she shed could do no harm. Even before Lady Grantley released her there came a knock at the door.

"It's me," said Sir John's voice. "I am requested to say time's up, and the other principals getting impatient."

"I think you may come in," Mrs. Gaveston said. "Our principal is quite ready."

"Not quite," said Ruth, nestling into her father's arms, and looking up into his face with loving eyes. "Not till you have bid God bless me, dear papa."

"I do, I do, my darling," said Sir John, pressing kiss after kiss upon her rosy mouth. "You deserve every blessing that can fall to an earthly lot. But come, my love, the bridegroom is waiting, with only very small patience, I am afraid."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORVILLE.

A ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY NOBBY MACSNIFTER.

Orville Slumkins sold groceries in the extensive establishment of Sardine and Cheesie. Orv. was nineteen, belonged to the 4th ward Hash Club, and could put up a pound of sugar with any man in the bus for stumps. His figure was good, but his face wasn't—for drinks. It carried a moustache of massive redundancy with touching resignation, and his light, curly hair was superb and abundant; so was his cheek. His attire was built to order by an eminent Chatham street artist, and he wore number eleven boots with the most graceful abandon.

Orville Slumkins loved—loved madly.

He had slung his young affections out with a looseness that was touching to behold. His entire being was wrapped up in this all absorbing passion. He lived in an ideal world of his own, where bustles was not, and greenbacks were unknown. His landlady had sewed his Sunday trousers for unliquidated board, and his indignant washwoman had chased him round the square with brickbats.

How was his sublime devotion rewarded?

Aye, how?

* * * * *

It was morning in the odorous establishment of Sardine and Cheesie. Our hero was seated pensively on a barrel of onions scraping decayed hams into marketable trim with a jack knife. His thoughts were sad—oh! how sad!

Four times within a week the object of his soul's devotion had visited the store, and four times the odious Sardine had consigned him to dark despair by rushing to wait on her, thus annihilating the dearest hope of his existence to speak to her. The youth's life had become wretched, indeed. Work was distasteful to him; so, with a groan that rent his suspenders in twain, and tore three buttons from his vest, he threw down the knife, wiped his hands on his ample coat tail, and took a heavy draft from the private gun of Cheesie. As the last drop descended into the depths of his astonished bowels, a vision of loveliness, clad in a blue gored dress, and a ten dollar set of hair, sailed into the store, accompanied by a flood of sunshine and a terrier pup.

It was she! (Not the pup, but our heroine.)

For a brief space the heart of Slumkins stood still in an ecstacy of bliss; then, with a mighty throb, it bounded into his gullet. His dream was realized. He stood face to face with the object of his soul's adoration. Fate had, indeed, been kind to him, for the infamous Sardine was sanding the sixteen cent sugar in the back cellar, and Cheesie had gone to a free lunch round the corner.

"Whatever is up?" he said to himself. Master's wedding won't be such a quiet one, after all. I wonder whether I had ought to have told lawyer Ord that Mattie Brock and old Mrs. Bartley are gone after him as well. Well, it's nothing to me; they will find out, I suppose, when they get there."

How Jessie came to be going to Beech Grove was in this wise; Mrs. Gaveston had driven into Warwick one day, and calling upon her old housekeeper, had told her of the anonymous letter Ruth had received, and begged her, if she knew anything, to tell her. But Jessie had been obstinately reserved to her, though she resolved to see and speak to Ruth herself; and learning by accident on the morning of the wedding day that it was coming off sooner than it was at first intended, she telegraphed off to Mattie to obtain leave of absence and come to her. Mattie's mistress granted it under protest, but she was told enough of the girl's business to make her understand that it was of importance; and she went. Arrived in Warwick, she found Jessie in a state of wild agitation, hardly knowing what she was about, except that she was firm in her determination to stop the wedding at all hazards; and fair enchantress, her eyes with a roguish expression upon the face of the youth.

"Yes!" he cried, enthusiastically, "to the end of time!"

"Then soak yourself in it, you big headed gilloot!" exclaimed the matron, with a burst of inexplicable indignation, as she vanished from the store.

A heavy thud upon the door startled Orville from his ecstatic task in the cellar, and rushing up stairs, he was horrified to see the inanimate form of Cheesie prostrate on the floor, with the odour of a bastket of eggs. Australasia was restored but the eggs had fled.

"What the devil ails you, me boy?" asked Sardine, tearfully.

"Nay, lady, soak me not in soap, 'twere better to die thus—ha! ha! ha! *Soap!* was the idiotic answer.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 37.—Hoboken as it Used to be.

I remember no place of public resort with greater pleasure than the beautiful suburb of our city on the Jersey shore, Hoboken, as it existed some thirty years ago. With what delight did I not look to the coming of the Saturday in each week, when, emancipated temporarily from the thraldom of pedagogue and tutor, and with a new half dollar in my breeches pocket, I was wont to wander along the shady avenues and over the green sward of this really picturesque domain. And when night terminated my rambles I returned to the city with a light heart and a few stray pennies, refreshed and renovated by breathing the free air which whistled through the leaves of this, to me, terrestrial paradise. Since that day I have strolled through the Bois de Boulogne, the Regents Park, the gardens of St. Cloud, the forest of Fontainebleau, and I am frank to own that none of these pleasure trips gave me one half the satisfaction that I enjoyed during my boyhood's rambles among the trees and green fields of sunny Hoboken. Not even our Central Park, with its ornamental bridges, its mall, its lake and its landscape gardening, is, to my mind at least, comparable to the native wildness of our prior metropolitan retreat as it stood in years gone by.

The desecration of Hoboken, even in my time, was a subject of regret to our citizens, who watched with saddened heart the rapid inroads of bricks and mortar upon our ancient promenade, but as the demon was private property, over which the public were allowed most generously to persambulate, we could only vent our sorrow in wondering how long the pleasure we enjoyed would continue before the entire ground would be encumbered with habitations. I recollect one local bard, however, who vented his lamentations in congenial verse:—

"Oh, Hoboken! it aint the place
It once used to be,
Such shocking havoc they have made,
'Tis shocking sad to see."

The manor of Hoboken was, and still is, the property of the Stevens family, many of the male members of which have made themselves well known to our citizens through enterprises in connection with railways and steam navigation. Col. John Stevens, the father of the present proprietor, has been claimed as the inventor of the steamboat, for, years before the successful experiment of Fulton, he crossed the Hudson in a small boat propelled by steam power. Years after his death, a boat in imitation of his model, fitted with his original machinery, was publicly exhibited at one of our fairs. It was furnished with a tubular boiler, patented by Col. Stevens, and, strange to remark, its propelling power was the product of twin propellers, such as have been recently introduced as a late invention. His son, Robert L. Stevens, was an engineer of superior attainments and at one time the owner of a fine stud of race horses, his stable and training track, a mile in circumference, being situated on the low ground beyond the post roads to the rear of the splendid bluffs on which has been erected the family mansion. John C. Stevens, another son, had a nautical turn of mind, for it was he who built some half dozen yachts on lines of his construction, and by his untiring energy induced the establishment of our Yacht Club. He was a man of great taste and many present residents may recollect his mansion, which was in its day considered a palace, standing on the southwesterly corner of the green belonging to Columbia College. Edwin Stevens, lately deceased, likewise indulged in the yacht mania, but was chiefly conspicuous as the projector of the floating battery, which was commenced years ago and never finished, as the government, who alone knew the secret of its construction, persistently refused contributing to its completion. I remember the great mystery attached to that battery, and many a wistful look I have expended upon the high wooden fence which used to enclose the frame of the destined defender of our lives and property, and attempt to divine the nature of that so zealously hidden from the public eye.

To reach Hoboken, remember, I used a pleasant sail from one of two ferries, and upon every afternoon thousands of our citizens, blooming maids, attentive beaux, luxurious husbands, anxious mothers and equalling babies, availed themselves of the accommodations of the ferry boats, to attain this umbrageous place of universal resort. On week days the better class of the community patronized the promenade, but upon Sunday it was invaded by shop girls, mechanics, and working men; consequently it was unfashionable to visit Hoboken, as well as impious on a Sunday, and sometimes highly dangerous, especially for unprotected females, as a number of rude visitors, taking advantage of the dreariness of some parts of the grounds, were prone to insult, if not outrage. But as a general thing Hoboken was peaceable, as it was thronged with a well dressed multitude, anxious to display themselves and the fashions, as well as to enjoy the fresh air.

Landing upon the Jersey shore, after a two minutes' walk, you came to a hotel situated on the brow of a slight hill with a sloping lawn, plenteously besprinkled with tables and chairs, while a voracious box like bar-room had been arranged for the accommodation of a collection of sable individuals, who, with white aprons and a medalion suspended at their necks bearing their distinctive numbers, flitted thence hither and thither among the tables with salvers, loaded with ices, lemonades, punches, or any species of drink suited to the visitor's palate. And there was another box-like contrivance, to the other side of the lawn, where good looking, over sanded damsels dispensed sugar plums, oranges, cakes and confections to the mothers of families, who supplied themselves against contingencies in the infantile commissariat, for the children formed a feature in the programme of a Hoboken ramble, particularly cherub-like babes with their round faced, rosy cheeked nurses, such as we don't encounter now-a-days.

Leaving "Perry's," for that is the generic title of this hostelrie, and passing through an avenue of good tall trees, diverging from the public high way, you reached the inaugural pleasure ground, which was particularly distinguished by possession of the Elysian Mountains, which, in this case, were fashioned from out of good stout timber instead of ice blocks. These mountains were very popular with the fair sex, the young ones especially, who loved the excitement of the descent and rise, particularly when their lovers' arms were twined around their waists to give them confidence in their rapid up hill and down dale flight. The Russian Mountains constituted an elevated railway of a series of undulations, diminishing in height from a lofty elevation until it reached the ground level. If you desired to enjoy the sensation once, you had, on the rising well full almost to her feet like a cloud, so fine was it in texture. A coronet of orange blossoms rested on her soft hair, which she wore in braids, old fashioned though they were, for she resolutely opposed any attempt to make her see the beauty or propriety of a chignon.

"They were nasty, ugly things," she said, "and while she had any hair on her head she would never bolster it up into such a hideous shape;" so, though Lady Grantley fretted, and her maid remonstrated, she would only have her hair dressed as she chose, and she would not have the style of architecture employed in her domicil was doubtlessly selected to commemorate her natal origin. How the fair vocalist came to select so inopportune site for her really handsome *chalet*, which should have been on some cliff side, is a matter of conjecture. But madame did not long occupy her residence, which was subsequently transformed into a drinking and refreshment saloon, kept by a gentleman who has since risen to the dignity of president of a Jersey bank, he having with others enriched himself by cultivating the transplantation of the Teutonic element into the flat lands of Hoboken.

Leaving the Russian Mountains you entered upon the wood-covered hill, or high grounds, and followed those shady walks, which, winding amid the forest, conducted over the crest of the bluff of green rock, in the centre of which has been erected the Stevens Mansion, christened Castle Point. The length of the main avenue was about two miles, terminating with a moderate descent in a wide meadow, termed the Elysian Fields. All along the avenue you encountered bands of well dressed people, with happy families, and with loving couples, whose eyes bespoke the satisfaction they enjoyed, wandering as hamadryads amid the lovely sylvan scene.

But the Elysian Fields could be reached by another route, running along the water's edge—a broad, pebble-covered roadway, stolen from the river itself, at the base of the overhanging cliff. The picturesque feature along this route was the Sybil's cave, a natural excavation into the bowels of the rock at the point where the promontory juts furthermost into the stream, washing its base. In the centre of the cave arose a spring of living water, pure, sparkling, and with a slightly saline impregnation, a draught of which amply compensates for the loss of time incurred in its research.

It was near this spot that was discovered, floating in the Hudson, the body of Miss Mary C. Rogers, the "pretty cigar girl," whose mysterious fate for a time perplexed and horrified all New York. The girl was exceedingly comely, and on account of her personal attraction, was a source of revenue to the tobacconist employing her services. Her mother kept a boarding house in the lower part of the city, whence Mary Rogers set out, one Sunday afternoon, for a walk. She was alone but going in search of some one of her admirers, who was attached to the fire department. At the engine house she failed to meet him, and in token of having kept her appointment she placed a rose in the keyhole of the door. This act was witnessed by some acquaintance, but, after that, all trace of her actions, whither she went, and by whom accompanied, could never be discovered.

Mary Rogers failed to return alive to her home, and no tidings were obtained of her until the discovery of her body. A few articles of clothing were found, however, at a spot above the Elysian Fields, and claimed to have been in her possession. Several persons were arrested upon suspicion of the murder, among them her intended husband, a young mechanic named Daniel Payne, but all were discharged through proving *alibis*; in fact, it was dangerous about that time to have been seen with a good looking girl on that Sunday in the neighborhood of the ferries. I remember one friend of mine who, having taken a handsome dress maker on that fatal day to Staten Island, and tarrying there all night, suddenly found himself the tenant of a prison cell, charged with Mary Rogers' murder. My friend admitted the fact of having the girl with him, but, fearing to compromise the young woman's reputation, resolutely determined to stand trial rather than to disclose her name. But the girl came to his rescue, and by her presence before the magistrate liberated her doughty champion.

The only evidence adduced touching Mary Rogers' case was that a young woman, answering her description, had, in company with a man, stopped that Sabbath afternoon until near dark at a lone y wayside inn lying beneath the brow of Weehawken Hill, called "Nick Moore's House." The presumption then arose that the unfortunate girl had been inveigled in the more secluded portion of the Elysian Fields and there murdered, but by whom remained a profound mystery. A month or so after the burial of his intended bride, Daniel Payne crossed over to Hoboken, wandered about visiting the hotels, talking incoherently, and finally put an end to his existence by poison. The Mary Rogers mystery laid dormant for some two years, when memory of it was revived through a curious incident. "Nick Moore's House" had been kept by an old lady with a grown up son. Upon his mother's demise the son remarked to some neighbors that "now the old woman was dead the great secret would be out." Immediately visions of Mary Rogers' murder haunted the brains of his auditors, who speedily caused his arrest to wring from him the "great secret." Judicial investigation subsequently proved that the great secret was himself solely to the fabrication of a sovereign specific for the rheumatism, knowledge of which the good lady had refused to communicate during her life time.

The Elysian Fields in no way resembles the mythological fantasy of the ancients, yet they were the grand attraction of the Hoboken pilgrims, especially of the children, for whose benefit had been created half a dozen mechanical contrivances. As a matter of course, there was a hotel there, for, as excursionists are expected to be perpetually dry and hungry, they encountered restaurants and such like establishments at every step in their pleasure journey. This hotel was kept for many years by a good tempered, accommodating Irishman named McCarthy, who like nise kept the bars of the old Park Theatre. The main attraction of the place at one time was a large circular railroad, occupying in circuit the entire lawn, made of wood, the rail elevated some four feet from the ground, with a double track and two cars running in opposite directions, holding two persons each. The occupants of the car worked their own passage by turning a crank, by which motive power the inmates were whirled around the track with remarkable celerity. There were secondary mechanical attractions, such as the revolving hobby horses, seated upon which, the rider, with a wheel fall, attempts to carry off rings from an iron cylinder, a relic of the days of chivalry, by means of which young knights were trained for the tournament tourney. There was, moreover, an ample quantity of swings, in which blooming damsels coaxed their beaux with their adorers tugged away at long ropes, propelling the fair creatures to and fro and up and down in mid air, until the usual rosiest hues off their dress of blood.

Beyond the Elysian Fields per ordinary visitor rarely penetrated, yet upon certain occasions things there could be seen to a great deal worse. Sometimes a party of Germans, with their families, would proceed to the grounds, and, after a hearty dinner, would retire to a remote part of the forest, and there, with a canopy of waving green trees, more than compared with the majestic pastel arch spanning the blue below, this first day the festive gentlemen constituted that body of turtle devourers, each one of which was good for his two quarts of soup with steaks to match. How much old Otard was required to digest this sojourn of turtle, I never could ascertain with accuracy, but when it went into the eating saloon by the dentajon it never came out in bulk. Eating clubs were very popular at one period with our citizens. There was some a heroical club at Windust's, a tripe club at Stansell's, and several other institutions of a kindred character in other parts of the city.

Beyond the abode of the turtle eaters, near the centre of the broad marshy meadows, beneath the rocky heights, which are in reality the commencement of the Palisades, lies the death spot of General Alexander Hamilton, there shot by Aaron Burr. The St. Andrews Society erected a monument to designate the locality of the General's death, but being made of wood, and protected only by a wooden railing, it soon decayed, or was carried off by some sacrelligious seeker after winter fuel.

Returning from the Elysian Fields, suppose we selected a carriage or post road, and the first place of importance we encountered was the residence of Papa Carrier, a venerable Frenchman with a rotund spouse. As good wine needs no bush, so the Papa had dispensed with a sign, for his cottage and his culinary arrangements were too well known to his patrons, mainly copatriots, consequently he obtained all the custom he desired without attracting attention from wayfarers. The Papa prided himself upon the quality of his wine vaults, and many have been the bottles of *Medoc vieux*, of Chablis, of *Sauterne* that have been quaffed by distinguished epicureans of both sexes beneath the little arbors tastefully ornamenting his grounds.

Passing but a brief distance by and in the hollow beneath the road, you come upon the head of the old training course, which was, moreover, the scene of the great Buffalo Hunt, the inaugural fraud in the long series of impositions practiced by the showman Barnum upon the credulity of the American people. Not that to this individual belongs the credit of the inception of the buffalo exhibition, as he was a mere agent in carrying out an idea from which its original projectors shirked, but then it afforded him an unrivalled opportunity for indulging in that notoriety which he incessantly hankers after.

An English baronet, a mighty Nimrod, named Drummond, after a sporting visit to the Plains, conceived the idea of stocking his ancestral park with a herd of buffaloes, or more properly speaking, of bisons; a Fire Prairie trapper, by the name of Adams, undertook to furnish any number of the required commodity, and in pursuance of an agreement with the Briton sent on to New York a collection of buffalo calves, much more harmless in temper than an ordinary cow. While awaiting transportation to Europe, they were exhibited in Broadway with little pecuniary success, when the bright idea of a hunt was suggested to raise the wind, and the management thereof to be entrusted to the experienced Scottico. The affair was to be open to the public, and the profits to be realized from off the ferriage; a wise precaution, for over 60,000 persons are said to have attended on that day, to witness the performances of the buffaloes, of a Comanche Indian, and of a Santa Fe trader, the latter two to lasso and to hunt the belligerent quadrupeds.

Great as were the expectations of the curious crowd pouring in from every direction, they were doomed to be grievously disappointed, for the beasts, ferocious as was their external appearance, huddled timorously in one corner of the enclosure, whence they were only driven by a skilful application of sticks, stones and other missiles; the Comanche Indian proved a white man, got up for the occasion, as innocent of a knowledge of the lasso as of the Comanche dialect, while the Santa Fe turned out to be an ex-circus rider, who rode about the field in admirable frenzy. During the serious performance of this farce, a butcher boy dashed in among the herd and fearlessly bestriding one of the terrible animals, with his face towards its tail, seized that caudal appendage and commenced twisting it vigorously. The buffalo could not withstand this method of ensuring propulsion, so he dashed off headlong at the top of his speed, howling most lamentably. Dashing ahead blindly, the beast brought up against the temporary enclosure, which slight obstacle in no wise impeded his wild progress, when the mass of spectators, seeing his desperate plunges as he came towards them, took to their legs in sore affright. Men, women, children, all and everybody struck for the ferry, shrieking, screaming and making a velocity heretofore unknown, as the butcher boy, delighted with his novel ride, augmented his propelling application. Happily for the safety of thousands, the beast turned aside from the road upon which he had started, and tumbled into a ravine at the bottom of which he and his tormentor rolled side by side. The most melancholy incident of the day was that an English sailor boy was to appear for the first time in this country at the Park that very evening, fell from the branches of a tree, overlooking the course, and dislocated his neck.

Another favorite resort with the foreign born visitors to Hoboken was the Hotel Napoleon, situated at the lower end of the high road traversing the village. It gained, some years back, an unexpected celebrity through the exploits of the "gallant Zouave" captain, De Rivière, arrested for running away with a mother and her daughter of one of the first families of Georgia. Mr. Blount, the bereaved husband and father, by process of law, recovered his family, while the French fire eater, hovering round the city, received shortly after a challenge to mortal combat from Billy Mulligan, with whom he prudently avoided a meeting. The Napoleon was subsequently kept by a dneal bonifacce—the Duke of Callebretto, a polished and accomplished Italian exile, long proscribed by the King of Naples for his attachment to the cause of national liberty.

A FUNNY SIDE OF THE LAW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY MARK TAPLEY.

A great many funny incidents occur in our courts almost daily, which cause the grave judges, the solemn lawyers, and the interested looking clients to smile. Among these all the wit of the witnesses blessed with a "funny bone" who now and then testify are probably the most provocative of it. This wit, of course, is very much varied and comes from different classes of persons, but all of them agree in one respect

a veteran editor and a prominent member of the [illegible] when Mr. Bonner first started as a publisher and vendor of plays as well as proprietor of the Shakespeare Library, when he was induced to publish as a speculation the "Oroulpne Manual," or prayer book. The success of this volume induced publication of another, until, finally, discarding his priest habits, he became a worker for Mr. Dunigan, joining with him his brother, identified the firm above with its initials, which became in course of time the leading Catholic publishers in America, and, in testimony of their services, the pope addressed them an autographic letter of commendation, accompanied by a gold medal impressed with the effigy of the supreme Pontiff. During the past war Mr. James B. Kirker served as a brigade quartermaster, and shortly before his death received the brevet rank of major in testimony of the faithful discharge of his duty.

The most popular paper devoted to the Irish interest, ignoring all religious prejudices and long in politics, was the *Irish American*, originally published as a Sunday paper, but very shortly after its publication was advanced to Saturday, more for the sake of securing advertising than from sectarian scruples. It was edited and published by two energetic men, Messrs. Gosch and Cole, and aspired to furnish the news from the various counties in Ireland, in this way supplying a deficiency which had existed since the publication had ceased of the *Emigrant* and *Old Countryman*, news sheets giving the prominent items from every section of Great Britain, which had been issued from the *Albion* office.

The advent of the political exiles concerned in the insurrection of 1848, a majority of whom were compelled to embrace the profession of letters as a means of living, added not only to the number of Irish journals, but to the ability and tact of those engaged in their conduct. As many of these men were unconnected with the church, and all drawn from the better class of society, the influence given to local journalism by their assumption of its duties, emancipated in some measure the reader from that unnecessary connection of politics with religion, which had previously distinguished publications designed for general circulation among the Celtic population. Moreover, as these incoming journalists were mostly young, ambitious and well educated gentlemen, removed above the narrow bigotry of mere Hanishness, they introduced into their writings a breadth of comprehension, a cosmopolitan scrutiny in political affairs, both foreign and domestic, which tended to elevate the understanding of those to whom they addressed themselves.

Among the earlier periodicals undertaken by the exiles of '48 was the *Nation*, designed as a *jeu simile* in matter and form of its celebrated newspaper in Dublin, whose suppression had been aimed at by the prosecution of the political offenders who was the actual, but literary, heads of the threatened rebellion. But in attempting this enterprise, which in form, style and tone manner differed radically from the fashion of publishing a verse with us, the projectors, by too closely assimilating their sheet to the original, offended the popular taste and thereby created a prejudice against it which they subsequently found impossible to be removed, notwithstanding the amount of talent and labor bestowed upon the few numbers of the *Nation* which came to the public hand. This first failure was a disheartening, but not a fatal one, for by tempering the ideas of the editors to the then experience which could not be acquired in a more favorable atmosphere.

A very able sheet, devoted to revolutionary teaching and the enlightenment of its countrymen upon American political affairs, had been previously published by Mr. Wm. E. Robinson, more generally known as "Richelieu Robinson," from having corresponded with the *Tribune* under that cognomen. With that singular tact and taste which arrogates the interests of a few to identify with those of the constitutional rights of large, Mr. Robinson christened his sheet the *People*, whereas it was in reality designed to advance a sectional interest *only*. The fact of its being well written and ably edited, although treating general politics with too circumscribed a margin, should have entitled it to a favorable reception by the public at large; but it unfortunately chanced that about the period of its emission, the popular patience had been sorely tried by new flights in journalism, which promised much and performed little, so his venture perished, under a storm of chaff.

Mr. D'Arcy McGee, who claimed to be among the most influential of the refugees, commenced, soon after his arrival in America, the publication of the *American Celt*, evidently a misnomer, as he intended to say the Celtic American, which he first started in Boston and then removed it to this city. McGee removed an obstacle in the way of his predecessors by feigning an attachment to Catholicism, which had the effect of strengthening his subscription list, but having in a moment of indignation assailed the subjection imposed upon the Church in America by the clergy, incurred the displeasure of the Archbishop, who threatened the annihilation of the sheet unless he straightway recanted. Through motives of policy, McGee acquiesced in a meek apology; but this conduct so disgusted many of his friends that he found his unpopularity increasing so rapidly as to render his longer stay in this metropolis unprofitable. Soon after he removed the *Celt* to Buffalo, where it was published for a brief period, when McGee, after revisiting Ireland, made his peace with the British government, against which he had hurled epithets of vindictive defiance, and finally became a colonial minister in Canada, where he was assassinated by one of his own countrymen.

Col. Michael Doheny, doubtlessly the most consistent of the refugees, likewise published an Irish-American paper, high-toned, independent and remarkably practical in its tendencies, for there was very little of the demagogue in Doheny's personal or political character, and his chief desire was to elevate his countrymen to the appreciation of their rights and duties, instead of allowing themselves to be used as puppets for ambitious politicians. A strong, candid and out spoken writer, of more utilitarianism than imagination, Doheny, as a thorough going republican, was not calculated to play the part of a place hunter or sycophant, and to this independence the non-success of his paper was mainly attributable, particularly as in a series of letters, the authorship of which was traced to him, he dealt in powerful invective against the clergy as a main impediment to the emancipation of Ireland.

The last tendency to establish an Irish politico-literary journal was made by Thomas Francis Meagher in the publication of the *Irish News*, which he edited with great care and tact until the breaking out of the war, when, in his capacity as captain of the Irish Zouaves, he participated with his regiment, 69th militia, in the opening scenes of the campaign on the Potomac. The *Irish News*, however, was never destined to create much of a noise in the political world, for Gen. Meagher, whose enthusiasm in the cause of Irish revolution had been cooled through a twenty years' residence in this country, could not render himself sufficient of a fire-eater to cut via his Fenian contemporaries, while the failure of John Mitchel's *Citizen*, of which he had been associate editor, convinced him that a first class journal could never be supported by the Celtic population as a distinctive class.

Unlike the religious newspapers upon which the contributions of church associations and members are lavished with an astonishing prodigality, under the belief that the religious organ is an imperative appendage to the denomination sustaining it, the best foreign journals are left to their own resources for maintenance and support, and hence, with the exception of a few, printed in foreign languages, and read by those who with difficulty comprehend English, successive attempts to institute distinctive presses must fail in proportion as the immigrant population become acquainted with our language and our political system. The German newspapers and periodicals at this present moment outnumber all other foreign publications, and simply because we are patiently in the middle of the immigration from that European district; but let two generations pass away; when the children and grandchildren of the present foreign born immigrants acquire, as by necessity they must, a practical knowledge of our language, and but one of the many German newspapers, now in a flourishing condition, will be found the survivor of an inevitable change in language, manners and customs.

A WRESTLE WITH A BEAR.—One night last week, while Mr. Abram Quick and his son, about nineteen years of age, living near Lake Hill, in Woodstock, Ulster Co., were out coon hunting, their dogs suddenly began barking and yelping, and the son, who, in his eagerness, had left his father behind, on coming up to them, perceived in the top of a large tree what he thought was a coon, and leveled his gun and fired, killing the animal, which proved to be a cub. Before the young man had recovered from his surprise the crackling of underbrush and growlings of some large animal were heard, and in a moment afterwards a huge bear, which proved to be the mother of the cub he had shot, appeared under the tree, and sprang forward to grapple with the destroyer of her young. Young Quick, however, was too quick for her, and, closing her embrace, brought down the butt of his gun on her head with great force, breaking the stock to pieces and staggering the beast. Recovering herself, she again sprang forward, and a desperate conflict ensued. Quick was armed with nothing but his broken gun, and the dogs having run upon the first appearance of the brute, he was forced to depend upon his own abilities. By his agility he succeeded in eluding the grasp of the enraged animal, and by repeated blows of his gun barrel finally forced her to succumb, but not until her skull was smashed into smithereens and his gun barrel resembled a Berkshire pig's tail. Mr. Quick has cause to the relief of his son and succeeded in capturing one of the cubs, the two others escaping. The bear weighed over four hundred pounds.

A CURIOUS LOTTERY CASE.—A few hours before the last drawing of Austrian credit shares, at Vienna, a kind of lot ery, two friends met in the street, and A asked B to accompany him for a walk. B declined since he had yet to get four or six lit tickets, and the drawing would commence in a few hours. A there begged that he would also get four for him, which B promised to do. A duly received, before the drawing, an envelope containing his baskets, together with the account for four shares, which he at once paid. The envelope was put away, and in the evening the friends again met just before the result of the drawing was known. The moment the list appeared each looked to his baskets, and B found to his dismay that he had only three tickets, having sent his friend A, by mistake, five instead of four—the one which had drawn the prize standing first. After some comment the lucky A also discovered the error, but declined to share his game with his hasty friend, who will now call the civil process to his aid.

CHRONOLOGY

Important Sporting Events During the Year 1868.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 313 OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Billiard Match, Garnier vs. Dion, University, and William Dalthorpe, Jr., Hall, Boston, Mass.; 1,000 points, carroms, Howlins receiving odds of 500, N. w Maren, Gonn.; scores, Mawlins 1,000, Stimson 1,015; time 5h. 50m., March 4.

Billiard Match between Henry Rhiges and Joseph Vermeulen for the championship of Illinois and $50; score, Vermeulen 1,500, Rhiges 1,145, March 4.

Ten Mile Foot Race between Wm. Lang and J. White, champion cup and $50, London, England; won by Lang in 53:30, Feb. 11.

Pilot Boat George Peabody made the run from Boston to San Francisco, through the Magellan Straits, in 128 days, including 13 days detention at Rio; arrived Feb. 16.

Fred. Foulkes, champion American racket player, died, New York, March 7; buried at Greenwood March 10.

Cocking Main, New York vs. Brooklyn, $25 the battle and $300 the odd, New York; won by the latter, March 11.

Wrestling Match between Harry Grade and John Corbliss, $200, collar and elbow, best 2 in 3 falls, draw, March 19.

Cocking Main, New Jersey vs. New York, $25 each battle and $500 the odd, in Jersey; won by the former by a score of 7 to 6, March 20.

Wrestling Match between D. Bentley and J. Massey, champion cup and $50, Oldham, Eng.; won by Massey, Feb. 29.

Foot Race between Robt. McIntyre and James Sanderson, mile and a half, champion cup; Manchester, Eng.; won by the former in 7 min. 4¼ sec., March 7.

Billiard Exhibition between Jos. Dion and Melvin Foster, Montreal, C. E., 1,500 points up, jaw barred; won by Dion, Feb. 29.

Billiard Match between John McDevitt and Melvin Foster, championship of America and $1,000, 1,500 points up, caroms, Chicago, Ill.; the game ended in a wrangle, and McDevitt was declared the winner by the referee, Albert Le Brun, April 8.

Mobile Spring Meeting, 4½., eleven races; winners, Fuss Broadnax, Wiseshunt, Gen. McMahon (2), Fanny Cheatham, Stonewall Jackson, Mollie Ingersoll, Privateer, Ontario, Joe Johnson, Nicholieu; from March 25th to April 25, inclusive.

Epsom Spring Meeting, Eng.; City and Suburban Stake won by Speculum, March 25.

Sculling Match between James Renforth and Bright, Tyne, Eng., two miles; won by the former, easily, in 13:22, March 28.

Fencing Match between Col. J. H. Monstery and Mons. Poupard, City of Mexico; won by the former, March 1.

New Orleans Spring Meeting, fourteen races; winners, Jonesboro (2), Nicholieu, Fanny Cheatham (2), Agnes Donovan, Privateer (2), Maria Stowe (2), Malcolm, Gen. McMahon (2), Jeanie C., and Joe Johnston; April 12th to 18th.

Base Ball Match, picked nines, New York vs. Brooklyn, Capitoline Grounds, L. I.; won by the former, 20 to 14, April 23.

Championship Foot Race, one mile, cup and $50 to the first; $15 to second; $5 third; Manchester, Eng.; won by Fleet in 4:23½, defeating McInstry, Nuttall and Rogers, April 10.

Walking Match between George Davison and James Miles, eight miles, $50, London, Eng., dead heat, time, 64:37, April 6.

Base Ball Match—Keystone vs. Geary, Phila., the former winning, 18 to 15, April 27.

George Topley attempted to walk 50 miles in 10 hours, Fashion Course, L. I., but broke down on the 43d, having made 42 miles 1fh. 5m. 32sec., May 4.

Prof. Sweet walked 100 miles in 23h. 13m. 15sec., Providence, R. I., May 5 and 6.

Boston Jockey Club Races; five races, winners, Alexander, Climax, (2,) Black Knight and Caledon, May 15.

Newmarket, Eng., Spring Meeting commenced April 27, five days, dead heat for the Two Thousand Guineas Stake, between Moslem and Formosa; the former afterward walked over, and the stakes were divided equally; Formosa won the One Thousand Guineas.

Cocking Main, New York vs. New Jersey, $25 each battle, and $500 the odd; won by the former, 7 to 2, May 13.

Coley, John, walked 1¼ miles in 8h. 38m., Philadelphia, May 11.

Cocking Main, two mile heats, one handicap, sap and $25 to the first, $10 to the third each, over, Manchester, Eng.; won by Hewitt, by one foot, in 4:21; Bird Fancier, second; Bird Catcher, third.

Sculling race for the champion cup of the Union Boat Club, Charles river, Boston, Mass., two miles, won by Joseph E. Fay, beating Lee. Ring, Ed Henshaw and Ed S. Hall, June 6.

Sculling Match for the gold medal emblematic of the Ohio Ria championship, two miles, Boston, Mass.; John Tyler, Jr., won, beating Jos. Fay, Walter Brown, W. Randall, T. C. Butler, J. Cleary, H. Williams, W. Appleton; time, 15:31; May 27.

Trotting contest for $1,000 between Lady Thorn, Lucy, Geo. Wilkes and Gen. Butler, Fashion Course, L. I.; won by the former in 2:24¾; 2:23; 2:20; May 22.

St. Louis Spring Meeting, Laclede Course, twelve races; winners, Tanglefoot, Pasalis (2), Malcolm (2), Plantagenet (2), Moss Mare, Rochester, Queen of the West, Brusher and Zero, May 18 to 23, inclusive.

Spring Race Meeting, Lexington, Ky., seven races; winners, Minnie Milton, Lucy Gray, Crossland, Zero, The Grand Duchess, Gen. Woolford, Crossland; May 9 to 14, inclusive.

Cincinnati (O.), Spring Meeting, fifteen races; winners, Bonita, Woodford Belle, Baywater (3), Victory, Col. Frank Woolford, Richelieu, John Foster, b f by Lexington; 3 m 3, by Goodwood; Dick Jackson and Mack, May 23 to 30, inclusive.

Chester Cup, won by Paul Jones, in 4:17¾, Chester, Eng., May 6.

Hoboken Spring Meeting, ten races; winners, Bonnie Lass, Local (2), Urbana, E. B. Connolly, Blackbird, Vauxhall, Red Dick, Jas. A. Connolly, May 28, 29 and 30.

Billiard Match between Joseph Vermeulen and Michael Honahan, championship of Illinois and $250, 1,500 points, caroms, jaw barred, Chicago; Vermeulen won, scoring 1,500 to 1,378; May 29.

Walking Match against time, 40 miles in 8 hours, by E. W. L. Rynes, an amateur, who did it in 7h. 45m. 51 secs., London, Eng., May 8.

Trot for $1,000 between Lady Thorn, Lucy, George Wilkes and Gen. Butler, Fashion Course, L. I., the former winning in 2:24, 2:26, 2:25½.

Base Ball Match, Athletic vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati, O., the former winning, 20 to 13, June 6.

Trot under saddle between Gen. Butler and Lucy, for $5,000, Fashion Course, L. I.; won by Lucy in 2:25½, 2:26, 2:25½, June 3.

Trotting Match between American Girl and Goldsmith Maid, $2,500, in harness, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; won by the former. Time, 2:23¾, 2:23, 2:28, 2:30, 2:32¼, 2:32½, June 4.

Woodlawn Spring Meeting, Louisville, Ky., six races; winners, Australian, Woodford Belle (3), Wolford, Coltawah and Dick Jackson, June 3, 4 and 4.

Foot race between Fleet, Lang and McKinstray, for the mile and a half champion cup and a sweepstakes of £25 each, Manchester, Eng.; won by Fleet in 7m. 35¾ secs., May 23.

Jockey Club Spring Meeting, Jerome Park, Fordham, N. Y., seventeen races; winners, Stonewall Jackson (2), Gen. Duke, Bonnie Lass (2), Gen. McMahon, Stapture (2), Lancaster, Local, Urbana, Bonnie Bracs, Asherman, Jas. A. Connolly, Australia and Privateer, June 10th, 15th, 16th and 17th.

Base Ball Match, Atlantic of Brooklyn vs. Central City, of Syracuse at the latter place: the A.'s won, 20 to 14, June 13.

Three mile boat race between the Mitchell crews of the Atalanta and Columbia clubs, Hudson river, off Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N. J.; won by the former in 22:45, June 12.

Harvard Regatta, Charles river, Boston, Mass., the Freshmen won the Beacon Cup, three miles, in 20:59½, and the Junior Third, the second race, two miles, in 13:43, June 13.

Championship Foot Race, one mile, cup and £50 to the first; £15 to second; £5 third; Manchester, Eng.; won by Fleet in 4:23½, defeating McInstry, Nuttall and Rogers, April 10.

Walking Match between George Davison and James Miles, eight miles, $50, London, Eng., dead heat, time, 64:37, April 6.

Base Ball Match—Keystone vs. Geary, Phila., the former winning, 18 to 15, April 27.

George Topley attempted to walk 50 miles in 10 hours, Fashion Course, L. I., but broke down on the 43d, having made 42 miles 1fh. 5m. 32sec., May 4.

Prof. Sweet walked 100 miles in 23h. 13m. 15sec., Providence, R. I., May 5 and 6.

Boston Jockey Club Races; five races, winners, Alexander, Climax, (2,) Black Knight and Caledon, May 15.

Newmarket, Eng., Spring Meeting commenced April 27, five days, dead heat for the Two Thousand Guineas Stake, between Moslem and Formosa; the former afterward walked over, and the stakes were divided equally; Formosa won the One Thousand Guineas.

Cocking Main, New York vs. New Jersey, $25 each battle, and $500 the odd; won by the former, 7 to 2, May 13.

Coley, John, walked 1¼ miles in 8h. 38m., Philadelphia, May 11.

Cocking Main, two mile heats, one handicap, sap and $25 to the first, $10 to the third each, over, Manchester, Eng.; won by Hewitt, by one foot, in 4:21; Bird Fancier, second; Bird Catcher, third.

Sculling race for the champion cup of the Union Boat Club, Charles river, Boston, Mass., two miles, won by Joseph E. Fay, beating Lee. Ring, Ed Henshaw and Ed S. Hall, June 6.

Sculling Match for the gold medal emblematic of the Ohio Ria championship, two miles, Boston, Mass.; John Tyler, Jr., won, beating Jos. Fay, Walter Brown, W. Randall, T. C. Butler, J. Cleary, H. Williams, W. Appleton; time, 15:31; May 27.

Trotting contest for $1,000 between Lady Thorn, Lucy, Geo. Wilkes and Gen. Butler, Fashion Course, L. I.; won by the former in 2:24¾; 2:23; 2:20; May 22.

St. Louis Spring Meeting, Laclede Course, twelve races; winners, Tanglefoot, Pasalis (2), Malcolm (2), Plantagenet (2), Moss Mare, Rochester, Queen of the West, Brusher and Zero, May 18 to 23, inclusive.

Spring Race Meeting, Lexington, Ky., seven races; winners, Minnie Milton, Lucy Gray, Crossland, Zero, The Grand Duchess, Gen. Woolford, Crossland; May 9 to 14, inclusive.

Cincinnati (O.), Spring Meeting, fifteen races; winners, Bonita, Woodford Belle, Baywater (3), Victory, Col. Frank Woolford, Richelieu, John Foster, b f by Lexington; 3 m 3, by Goodwood; Dick Jackson and Mack, May 23 to 30, inclusive.

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Harvard Regatta, Charles river, Boston, Mass., the Freshmen won the Beacon Cup, three miles, in 20:59½, and the Junior Third, the second race, two miles, in 13:43, June 13.

Epsom Summer Meeting, England; Blue Gown won the Derby Stakes in 2:43½, and Formosa the Oaks in 2:47¾, May 27th and 29th respectively.

Ascot Races, England; the Gold Cup won by Blue Gown in 4:38, June 11.

Chantilly Spring Meeting, France; Suzerain won the French Derby, May 24.

Three mile sculling race between John Tyler and Walter Brown, Schuylkill river, Philadelphia; won by Tyler, June 18.

Third Annual Convention of the New York State Sportsmen's Convention, Buffalo, N. Y.; four days' shooting, June 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th.

Base Ball Match, Atlantic, of Brooklyn, vs. Niagara, of Buffalo, N. Y., at the latter place; the latter won, 19 to 15.

Athletic Ball Club, of Philadelphia, beat Excelsior, of Chicago, at the latter place, 35 to 13, June 18.

Narragansett Park Trotting Races, Providence, R. I., six races; winners, Hamlets, Georgie Wilkes, Gen. McMahon, Lady Thorn and George Washington, June 15th, 18th and 19th.

Ball Match, Lowell vs. Yale, New Haven, Conn.; won by the former, 16 to 15, June 13.

Sculling match, five miles, between James Hamill and Henry Coulter, Schuylkill river, Philadelphia, for the championship and $2,000: after going about a mile they collided and Hamill was upset, both men getting overboard; Coulter pulled over the course, while Hamill returned to the starting point, at a meeting called by the referee, W. J. White, in the evening, that official, after hearing the evidence, ordered the men to row again the next day; at the second attempt Coulter broke one of his oars on the third stroke, and Hamill pulled over the course and was awarded the stakes; June 15th and 19th.

Walking Handicap, ten miles, $300, Boston, Mass.; won by George Topley in 1h 31min. 18sec.; C. N. Pratt and C. E. Manning withdrawing at the end of the 5th mile, and W. E. Harding walking nine miles in 1h 45min., June 15.

Regatta of the Schuylkill Navy, Philadelphia, four races, June 13th and 27th.

Second Annual Regatta of the Boston Yacht Club; four prizes, awarded to the schooners Juniata and Nettie, and sloops Pilot and Clytie; Fanny won the race for third class yachts, June 27.

Ball match, Athletic, of Philadelphia, vs. Niagara, of Buffalo, at the latter place; won by the former, 24 to 14, June 27.

Atlantic B. B. C., of Brooklyn, vs. Excelsior, of Chicago, Ill., at the latter place; won by the former, 49 to 17, June 20.

Eleventh Annual Regatta of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, open to other clubs, 54 entries, about 30 miles; schooners—1st prize, Addie, Brooklyn Club. First class sloops—1st prize, Agnes; second prize, Qui Vive, of the Atlantic Club. Second class sloops—1st prize, Mattie, of the Bayonne Club; June 25.

Sculling Race, two miles, between Jehu Tyler and Walter Brown, Hudson river course; won by the former, June 24.

Ball Match, Athletic, of Philadelphia, vs. Detroit Club, at the latter place; the former won, 31 to 17, June 29.

Wrestling Match between Homer Lane and Thos. Robinson, collar and elbow, best 2 in 3 back falls, New York; Lane won in a few seconds over four minutes, June 27.

American Jockey Club Summer Meeting, Jerome Park, Fordham, N. Y., seven races; winners, Kenosha, Flora McVey, Jones-cauld, E. B. Connelly, Tuscaloosa, Jas. A. Connolly, Niagara, Red Wing, Eagle, Gen. Duke, De Courcy, Climax and Black Knight; June 30th, July 1st and 2d.

Ten Mile Trotting Match at Time, by John Stewart, to wagon, Boston, Mass.; Time, 28 min. 21½ seconds, June 30.

Champion Drill between the Montgomery Guard, of Boston, Mass., and the Roxbury Guard, Boston Common; won by the former, May 30.

Third Grand Festival of the National American Sharpshooters' Association, Jones' Wood, New York; John Becker hit the centre 136 times, and was crowned King; June 29th to July 6th, inclusive.

Ball Match, Excelsior, of Rochester vs. Athletic, of Philadelphia, on the former's ground; won by the E.'s, 26 to 20, June 29.

Athletic B. B. C., of Philadelphia, beat Central City, of Syracuse, N. Y., at the latter place, 41 to 14, July 1.

Atlantic B. B. C., of Brooklyn, beat the Buckeyes, of Cincinnati, on the latter's grounds, by 35 to 9, July 4.

Mutual B. B. C., beat the Eckfords, Union ground, Brooklyn, L. I., by 19 to 14, July 2.

Lowell B. B. C., beat the Harvards, Cambridge, Mass., by 21 to 19, July 4.

Rowing Regatta on Charles river, Boston, Mass.; four races; Walter Brown won the single scull, prizes, $100 and $50, two miles, 13:32, defeating J. Sullivan Hanson and John Tyler, Jr.'s. Fay and Tyler won the double scull, prizes, $100 and $50, two miles, 14:44½, beating five others; the Class A, recently, rowed by the Wards and Hammond, won the six-oared race, prizes, $200 and $100, three miles, 19:16½, beating the Harvards, Mr. John R. Ir. crew; and the George Bonds, of Boston, won the four-oared race, prizes, $150 and $75, beating two others, and rowed by the Ward four, three miles, 22:17½, July 4.

Sculling Match between Hosmer and Trickett, championship of Australia, 4 miles, in harness, Parramatta River, New South Wales, for £200 a side; won by Hosmer, July 4.

Submarine Race between 4.20 Sloop Nettie and Steamer Ida, five miles, $25; Gen. Butler, Fashion Course, L. I.; won by the former, July 4.

Trot between American Girl and Goldsmith Maid, $2,500, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, Union Course, L. I.; won by the latter in 5 heats: Goldsmith Maid, the fastest on record, 2:20¾; 2:23¾; 2:21¾; 2:23¾; 2:21¾; July 4.

Trot between Lady Thorn and Lucy, $2,000, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, Union Course, L. I.; won by the former in 5 heats: 2:26; 2:25¾; 2:25¾; 2:25¾; 2:25¾; July 4.

Ball Match, Atlantic, vs. Cincinnati, on the latter's grounds; won by the former, 20 to 19, July 4.

Athletic B. B. C., of Philadelphia, beat Mutual, of Brooklyn, by 23 to 7, July 7.

Yacht Race, first of a series of three, between the Brooklyn Club, and the Mattie, of the Bayonne, of the Jersey Yacht Club, over the Marine Railway course, Jersey City, July 4.

Cricket Match, All-England Eleven, vs. Twenty-two of Canada, in 2 innings each, Rosedale Ground, Toronto, Canada; won by the former, 218 to 58, June 24.

Young America Cricketers of Philadelphia, vs. Young Cricketers of New York, Hudson City, N. J., by 1 inn. & 9 runs, July 4.

Base Ball Match, Harvard, vs. Tri-Mountain, championship of Harland, Riverside Park, Boston, Mass.; won by the former, 19 to 13, July 13.

Ball Match between Excelsiors, of Chicago and Forest City, of Rockford, Ill., for the championship of the Northwest, on the latter's grounds; won by the F. C.'s, 36 to 27, July 4.

Union B. B. C. of Lansingburgh beat Excelsiors, of Rochester, by 9 runs, July 6. Beat the Central City, by 35 to 16, July 8.

Trotting Match between Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy, $2,000, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, Union Course, L. I.; won by Lady Thorn, after trotting five heats, the fourth being dead heat: 2:23¼; 2:24¼; 2:21; 2:25¾; 2:23¾; July 6.

Rifle Meeting at Wimbledon, Eng.; fifteen races; winners, Gilroy (2), Pat Malloy (2), Asa Vela, Lisetta (2), Plantagenet (2), Ruth (2), Merrill, Malcolm, Corsican and Mack, July 3 to 7, inclusive.

Ball Match, Allantic vs. Eckford, Union Ground, Williamsburgh, L. I.; A.'s won, 25 to 11, July 16.

Cricket Match Garrison Knickerbockers, of Montreal, vs. St. George, Hudson City, N. J.; the former won, 174 to 172, July 13 and 14.

Cricket Match between Garrison Knickerbockers, and an eleven selected from the Philadelphia, Germantown and St. George Clubs, Hudson City, N. J.; the latter won in one innings, 108 to 105, July 15 and 16.

Peninsular Cricket Club, of Detroit, beat Windsor of C. W., at Detroit, by 50 to 35, in one inning, July 15.

Ball Match, Union vs. Yale, Tremont, N. Y.; the Unions won, 19 to 9, July 17.

Atlantic B. B. C. beat the Yales, Williamsburgh, L. I.; by 40 to 16, July 18.

Harvard B. B. C. beat the Lowell, Boston Common, by 39 to 26, July 18.

Yacht race between the Eva and Magic, of the N. Y. Club, the owner of the latter wagering $3,000 against $2,500; won by the Eva by 37:15 in 6h. 43m. 15 secs., July 13.

Second yacht race between the Martha and Mattie; won by the latter, July 14.

Amateur Regatta, Hudson river, for prizes offered by Com. D. Banks, Jr., open to members of the Hudson A. R. Association; single scull race won by Thomas Fearon, in 25:48, three miles; double scull, rowed over by A. S. Swan and Ed. Smith, 26:34, three miles; July 14.

Narragansett Park Races, six races; winners, Bay Mare, Fearnaught, Little Dan, Lady Thorn, Lew Pettee and Gipsey Boy, July 14, 15 and 18.

Ball Match, Mutual vs. Irvington, on the latter's grounds; the M.'s won, 45 to 19, July 21.

Cricket Match, All-England Eleven, vs. Twenty-two of Canada, in 2 innings each, Rosedale Ground, Toronto, Canada; won by the former, 218 to 58, June 24.

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Race Meeting at Chicago, Ill., fifteen races; winners, Gilroy (2), Pat Malloy (2), Asa Vela, Lisetta (2), Plantagenet (2), Ruth (2), Merrill, Malcolm, Corsican and Mack, July 3 to 7, inclusive.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Memoranda, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Jan. 4, '69.

WRITTEN BY "OUR JIM."

[I hope the printers will be partickler to make it eighteen hundred ane sixty-9, as I've writ it. I am this partickler, because most printers is a little dubersome after nu yere's, and forgits whether it's this year or tother.] I wunder where the boss is—I'm afraid somethin' has happen'd him, as he haint been seen since early on nu yere's morning, when I seen him in the barber's perloshin', who was squashin his head with bunkum, earlin' his mistach, and gittin' of 'im up in a *soufal* manner. I haint never seen him look so nice in all my born days as he lookt when he got out of that there barber's elegint red cheer. I couldn't help smilin' as he stood afore me, and he smole on me. Says he to me, as he gim me a haf a dollar, "Jimmy, be keerful of yourself to-day; don't take too much stuff, or you won't be able to git down to the office; we must all be on hand brite and urly to-morrer, or our invalubll readers won't get so paper next week;" and he spoke like he ment it. Well, *I* didn't take no stuff, and as kr. Lagerbier says in the play, "I'm all here!" But the boss is among the ilst of missin'. Here its Monday, and he haint turned up yit. If I didn't kno that he is a tetotal temprints man, I shud think he had been takin some fusil oil; but a more strickter opponent of licker I don't kno. I've seen him take the pledg once a week for the last three yeres, and there hain't many of yer temprints men that kin say as much. Sometimes I think he's been assalted at some place which he called upon 'cause he wouldn't drink: some wimmin is awful devils if a man don't do jest as they lay out the program. Then I think he's eat too much oisters and chicken sallid; he's the most werashis person a eatin of sich messes as I never see. Monday, Jan. 4, and no boss. The rest of the corpse says they didn't look for him—they nu he'd not be over nu yere for a week yet. I hope nothin' is happen'd to him to interfere with his existens. In his unforeseen absints, I spose I must take the cheer.....Eighteen hundred and sixty-9! Were's standin' on to the werge of another yere, whilst its illustrius predecessor has gone into its hole. What a awful grim is this here! To think that a few days ago and we was eighteen hundred and sixty-8ters, and now, without premedit shin, we're eighteen hundred and sixty-9sters. How erful the thort! As I look back onto the old yere, and think of the fun me and the boss has had, I yarn'—for them good old dase of yore," as the learned poet has said so truly. Weepin' sad and lonely I look into the dim winter of the parst, and to regathers into me eyes as I recollect that I've seen so many trees around me fall, like leaves in winter whether. Ah! time, time, thou chete of human bliss; thou hast all seasons for thinstown, I believe. Thou art the champion prowler, for thou cuttest down all, both grate and small, to mix a parall of speech. Yisterday this was here—but where be to-morrer? Gone to thataver old history, from whom, as the cheshkiller her boldly remarks, there haint no way of gittin' back. But is a true adage that every cog has his day, and you, cute reader, I'm lavin' yern. What a terrifical thing is a nu yere! How gloomy the forbodins! As I peer into the futcher, methinks I see a lite in the winder for me; it seems to beckon me on; in me childish glee, I move on-ard, like an igrant lite, as it were, until I reech the goot of me ambishin—that there lite increases as I becum nearer to it, and in the clerky point a gold pin to the sene, these strange things appears in the form of livin' fire:—

"JIM—TURE BALLIET WILL BE RAISED DURIN' THE NU YERE!"

It wer a tu chin' site, but I'll not dwel on it, merely offerin a few lines in memory of those sene so charmin':—

"O, give me a glass of cold water—
To cruel beau ne st iff for me;
I'd marry t e king's only daughter
In pre tius to go to sea.
The riches of all the Indies
Would make one live com ortable,
But when you can't get them there riches,
You must live on your own salaree, roo, ree,
You must live on your own salaree.

"Nu Yere's is a verry nice season—
When presents is coin around—
For which I don't know no good reason,
But I think that the doctrine is sound.
I think when a man is a doin'
The best that he knows how to de,*
No boss should be guily of screevin'
Down a man's small salluree, ree, ree,
Down a man's small salluree."

[*—POETIC LISENSE—do in the proper word, but it wouldn't rhyme, so I changed it to de.—OUR JIM.]

.....I'm shirt what of the nite, watchman, tutchin of our ankommin. This is a theem onto which I have given a good deiced me unclouded attention, and I see no reesin to change me mine. As I said so before, so I stand by me now. My principle is to try and kan me the laws of the Medders and Perfect, in order to restrict to judgin of a bygone age. Amusiments is a ponderlus or precious bi ness, I urgit which; but it's cheer of the other, and a person which goes into it with his hole eyes is most told and risky. I think it's I had money and a friend, as the poet says, "as wenst I had before." I'd keep me money and me friend, and play the fule no more." The man which with them times is one of the toys, you bet; he's been there, to use a vulgar slang. But to my purpis. With the openin of a new yere, fickles tades, evil is swolled up, and dynasties becomes a baseless fabrik of a dreame. So it is with our amusements. Managers is a shakin in their shoes, for here some one whistlin will shake their fabrics to the fore winds of the horizon; some is a sqi atin their minds as to what chans Mr. Shakespeare has got this year; a most beyerly effort is to be made to injoce the people to support William's plase; let 'em profit by me unery crem—it does wart the legitimit to flurish, they must not wield to dovetail it—it is immerterial with—be twixt me and my pire—no hard feelins—but the legitimit; make Dister Shakespeare shuffle a part of supe manners, and hang for aid our ar bors of the present day, with railroad collushins, and man dramatis in cold blud, or chuckin up huge chasains at the risk of there devilish nex, and the people may be made to swoll r the dreamer William like they would a super heted pill. That's my painful is, and I don't keer a dam who nose 'em, *I* don't:—

O, don't tell me no more of this era
When Shakspere is treted so bad,
A tin-eared I think more accurse
Than ever a other has had;
Macbeth built or no use whatever
Unless he's bred on in a tallow
With numerous dancers a-clever
All led by the duchess sanguilloo.

And tribeller, most stut born of niggers,
What's *he* in his prese t pershish?
He'd cut a most butiful figger,
I rem mad to look a little I-rish.
And Hamlet, that rauduw ent skemar,
A grumbim at every bod ke,
Let him show us a pollsy dremer
And he'll dror the cleet of shoddee.

They may send out to England Cliff. Tayleure
To ruj things to make William look nu—
But the shakspere's a wellanous failure
Unit his sandwicked, as I shode unt you.
I haint nothin to say agin Billy—
For I think he's a well-meanin' man—
But I do think the in nagers silly
To think he can beat the Can Can.

.....I've been a nu yerin', and I don't feel as smooth as I mite do under ertain circumstances; a man has to stuff till he misses a perfect hogshea of itself; the more you don't guzzel and swill the more you don't note the inexplainibli wimmen, and then they were you a here, so sure as cound to be a seine of cum laid on nu yere's day. I made a good deke of intellectual incliniation as I went marchin' home, and I think me company was with all I ek. One shin nu I wett into on Fifth v nue, or some such name, and the parler was chock full of wimmin, whilst the able gruped under the wate of whites. The r was one I make so cumin in a drivin' at the pianner like she had 'I do' on the pece. Turnin' to the assemblige, I said:—"That's lovly music; I a reel *vegitabill* music." "How so?" cri e millions of voices. "Becaus, I see its got six *licks* to a measure." With they was enjoyin this hilariousness I quietly dropt out, and wended me way to grener fields and pastu es nu. I fell on Ellen, at his fauly mansion, where I found all the Seven in full bloom, a crackin' there jokes and nuts just like mother carchuses. One of the gurls was a reedin', and after I'd entered the room he, I prances up to her and says, sez I, "If I am a stake or holdinger, or whom are you a reduin'?" "Oh," says she, a sim ering like gals will when they're confused by the presents of yung men, "I'm re in' about the Maid of Arleans." "Ah!" says I, with a leer at Edick and his happy family, "was she a maid of *Orease?*" and before they could recover from there jocundness, I red: "I wunder if she was like the Fre ch woman, Joan of Ark, and could stand fire without wincin." Here, there, too they did laff, Ellick and all, and I dre kin on in mettlin mood. I have sin a unicer stood that block with more ease in his wild. Poor sin' re gorillas say, I aimed at a tolerable fortuhshin' and got four to five dins, where in many of his clothes and peril was a victim' in boyant gutin there nu verein. The girls seemed delited to see me, and one, "Now we'd have fun—for One Jim a little re freshmin." I embaced me self with a twill of licker, and lockin' round I saw a unfortunit clerk, whom was standin' with a para stick into his hand. I picked him out to make a pint or butt of him. I wanted to have a good impro shin' with the clerk, but on the mulliness of their parients. Gittin' 'em in a ring, with the victim in the center, I said, in a very intestin' voice, so it sp ke, as foller:—

"Can you tell," said I, blush in' most red,
Ye little cark o a mash n' store,
Why that yard stick you hold in your hand
Is so strong as the lor of the land?"
"Give it up," said the clerk, pen-ti sour;
"Try again," sez I, "and you'll guess nicer;"
But the clerk on y shook his poor head—
"Because it is lookin' screws."

In the interval with cescord I tore myself away like a sne fa le, rid cent to Bill ester's, where I met Dan Drant, Billy Rush, Tom Trott, Eddy Ward Becker, Lindy Thompson, Eddie Gucky, Jimmy Worrell, and ever so many of Bill's pro'essional friends. When I entered, and the company seen who it was, there was a rore that made me think it war a California earthquake. You never seen a more pleaseder set if pepil. I thort they'd die a laffin. "Here's Our Jim," they all cride with sun voice, and hey made way for me like I a king of the Kannonball Islands. I jined me frends in a soshul glas, and let the bottle go round, as it were. "Is'nt it queer," sez I, careless like, "that nerely every feller you meete with now-a-days is captin, or sarjent, or kernel, by brevet?" The boys all klustered round me, well knowin that I was on it. "Yes," sez Dan Bryant, "but sum of em is hard nuts to crack before you git at the kernel." Now the fun b gins, as the comikel clown would say. "Well, for my part," sez William Burch, "I hain't no objeckshins to kernels, cause they're harmless, but the lower grades is what you've got to look after. Now I rented my brown stone manshun to a gentleman about six months ago, and this mornin I went to make a call on him, and what do you think he turned out to be?" No one could tell. "Well, I'll tell yer—he turned out to be a *left tenant!*" Well, I couldn't recommence her bat the good things we all got off that day. Tony Pastor, pointing to a well dress civilian, sa'd, "There goes one of the most selfish men in New York." All se cand him till he got red in the face like a boiled crab; but Tony made it all rite by sayin he was a vender of fish. I wound up the party by sayin, "there was wun kernel by brevet chap which ris from captin to general by gallant conduck in gittin a surtin person elected United States S nator. I think them letters in Washington must be a sad set of jokers, and I think there way of gittin promockins must have given rise to the sayin:—"Brevet by in the nide of hell." Thus brung down the house like a glas serin explosion, and songs and revelry basisht dul care from Billy Astor's plase for the rest of that nite. Of my future proceedi s I hasnt got no clere perseption, owin to the lateness of the hour, but I've been told that sum of that party didn't git home for two or three days, but it don't follor that they was in the station house *all* that time. With these fu remarks, and depely lamentin the absynthe of the boss, I think I will now bring my jukes to a close, by wishin you and me numerous frends a happy and prosperus Nu Yere, without no cettin' down of rashins to make up for what was spent by their landladies to make there nu yere tables look skrumptious.

DR. R. P. JONES, lately engaged at the Tammany as writer, has gone South to join the Castle to and Robinson Circus. He left on Dec. 31st for New Orleans.

FAILS THE STAR OVER.—Clinton W. Taylcure sails for London and Paris by the Russia on the 6th instant, and will return in time to be installed as manager of Pike's Opera House, on February 9th, and will commence his season March 15th with Shakespeare's "Tempes." E. L. Davenport, Wm. Davidge and F. C. Bangs will be in the cast, besides many of the best stock actors and actresses in this country.

MR. BOOTH has again postponed the opening night of his new theatre to February.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE have been secured by the management of Wood's Museum for twelve weeks at a certainty, commencing at the termination of the Thompson Burlesque Troupe.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN has secured the Worrell Sisters' Theatre for four weeks, with the privilege of extending it so long as it pays. He pays a weekly rent of $600, and commences with his daughter early in February.

"ERNANI, OR THE HORN OF A DILEMMA," produced at Wood's Museum on Dec. 28 h, will continue on the boards during the remainder of the engagement of the troupe there, which terminates the first week in February. Com. Foote, Col. Small and Elisa Nestell attract considerable attention in the museum department.

ALTHOUGH "Humpty Dumpty" undergoes a change of management this week in the withdrawal of Mr. Taylcure, who has proved himself to be a brilliant manager, from the charge of affairs in front of the Olympic, and the assumption of the duties of such by Mr. Dan Symons, the audiences will not be deprived of laughing and cracking their sides over the nonsensical follies of Humpty and Pantaloon. The three hundred and fiftieth performance of Humpty takes place on the 18th inst., and by present appearances it is good for many nights to come, for the house was crowded full every night the past week, and it must be borne in mind that the management does not resort to the "papering system" to accomplish this. The burlesque railroad scene is really one of the most laughable affairs we have seen in a long time. Each evening the past week it was received with rounds of applause and the curtain had to be raised and the train again run across the stage.

SOME CARDS, MORE CAKES.—Augustin Daly, the well known dramatist, is to be married on the afternoon of the 7th inst., at the church of S'. Francis Xavier, in Sixteenth street, near Fifth avenue, to Miss Mary D. Duff, daughter of John Duff, the lessee of the Olympic Theatre.

SICK.—Humphrey Bland, having been compelled to abruptly terminate his season at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., is confined to his room in Lafayette pls e, that city. Mr. Bland has been suffering for a long time, his complaint being asthmatic.

M. HAYES, having concluded his western tour, arrived in this city on Dec. 31st, and is busily engaged preparing to start for California, by the steamer of January 23, under engagement to Sherry Corbyn, of Maguire's Opera House.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS gave two performances every day the past week, and did a splendid business, particularly Wednesday, New Year's Day and Saturday afternoons, when the building was crowded to its utmost capacity, the greater portion of whom were ladies and children. The burlesque of "Blue Beard" continues on the bills, and is just the right kind of attraction for the *habitues* of this establishment. It is now in good working order, and glides along as smoothly as John Strickland does over the road during the summer tenting season.

THE WORRELL SISTERS produce at their theatre this evening the historical, local, musical burlesque extravaganza, re-writ n by Charles Ware expressly for this establishment, en titled "Field of the Cloth of Gold" with the following cast:—Earl Darnley, Sophie Worrell; Henry VIII, C. Morton; Francis, George Lingard; Duke of Suffolk, Jennie Worrell; Sir Guy, H. A. Rendle; Page, Dora Vean, C. B. Chapman; Annes Boleyn, Agnes Wallace; and Lady Cons ance, Miss Stewart. During the tournament of knights the "Two Gems of Armes" will be presented. Previous to the burlesque the comedietta of "The Foundling" will be given. Irene Worrell is not in the cast, nor did she appear at all during the past week. She is said to be sick.

JOHN E. OWENS commences an engagement at the Broadway Theatre on Jan. 11th. He sails for California the first week in February.

OLD STANDARD COMEDIES are being presented at Wallack's Theatre.

"LA PERICHOLE," Offenbach's latest Opera Bouffe, is presented at Pike's Opera House this evening.

AFTER DARK.—New York presents many attractions for strangers in the city, particularly at the different places of amusement where the drama is represented in many forms. At Niblo's Garden the sensational piece of "After Dark" continues to build the b rds and attracted larger audiences the past week than for some time. The piece appeared in its original shon' for the opening performance; on the 15th, 'L ah' was played, J. G. Beckett as Rosenstein, George Morton as Lorens, and Miss Maud S. Leon as Maria, who rendered good support. On the 16th, 'Madeline, the Belle of the Faubourg,' was presented, with J. G. Becket as Remy, George Morton as Dr. Apient, and Maude St. Leon as the Countess Adelaide, the performance concluding with a nancy dance by Miss Ella Wegner, and the farce of "Bom ombaling." On the 17th, 'Little Barefoot' and "Bamboozling" were performed. On the 18th, for the benefit of Miss Price, 'Nobody's Daughter,' was presented, followed by a *pas de deux* by Misses Wesner and St. Leon. On the 19th, or the *matinee*, 'Fanchou' was given, and in the evening, 'Lucretia Borgia,' with Miss Price in the title *role*, J. G. Beckett as Alphonse, George Morton as Gubetta, and C. H. Matthews as Jeppo. On Dec. 21 'East Lynne' was played, with J. F. Noyes as Francis Levison, and C. H. Matthews as John Dill. On the 22d 'Leah' was repeated, with Rosenstein, Rosenstein, Dunkes has been engaged for her honor from California, who is highly e corced from two to three times. He possesses a remarkably high soprano voice. Dan Bryant's burlesque of "Genevieve de Brent" continues to in favor with the audience, and receives from three to four encores each evening.

"THE CITY MESSENGER" is the title of a new local drama by John F. Poole, presented at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening, in which Tony appears as a succulitive Yankee. Wm. H. Anderson and his two pupils, Frank and Willie, appear this week in gymnastic acts. Frank Kerr, Johnny Thompson and the entire company appear in favorite acts. Business continues excellent at this establishment.

TAMMANY was not opened last week, as announced. As soon as it is opened to the public we will bronicl the fact.

MESSRS. KELLY AND LYON announce the piece t as the last week on their stay in this city, as they have received tempting offers to visit London, and have come ided to dissove of their business and after the holiday season they will sail for England early in April. Their minstrel hall is one of the handsomest and m st completely fitted up theatres in the city, and is exc ially adapted for light burlesque entertainm n, for which purpose we understand it is to be devoted as soon as Messrs. K. and L. close. For the closing week the minstrels appear in the burlesque of "Gin-nerieve," produced the past week with great succ ss, and in w ich Messrs. Sanridge and Brockway, as the two gendarmes, are called out from four to five times each night. The m rchen and acting are excellent, and elicit shouts of laughter. The Tyrolean Singers are also very good, and rece ve an encore each evening. Lew Dockstader's Dogan is very good, and he imitates Rose Bell to per fection. Offers he received from England have induced him to effect an engagement with a leading London manager for six months, and it his intention to produce the burlesque operas of "The Grand Dutch," "La Belle Helene," "Barber Bin" and "Gin-nerieve," as a regular London theatre.

KATE NEWTON continues very ill at her residence in this city.

A NEW COMER.—Mary Blake—now the wife of Bobbie Newcomb—is sick. It is expec ed that her trouble will weigh about eight pounds.

MESSRS. THOMPSON AND RICOS, two gentlemen well known in the profession as performers, and who of late have b en actively engaged in the dramatic agency business in the Bowery, have, owing to the great increase of business, purchased the Wetmore Drama ic Agency, formerly known as Frank Rivers' Agency, and have established themselves at 512 Broadway, two door to the Theatre Comique, where they are prepared to furnish at all times all that may be required o them. For particulars see advertisement.

MR. ROBERT M. DEWITT, theatrical book publisher, who was sued in the Superior Court by Henry D. Palmer, to restrain him from selling or publishing the comedy of "Pity," has got a favorable decision from Judge Garvin, who dissolved the injunc ion, with $10 costs.

MLLE. MONTAGUE, with her *ballet* troupe, Rose Massey and several other English artists, will appear at Wood's Museum in connection with the Ethi pian.

Dramatic.

IN PHILADELPHIA the past week opened brilliantly, and nearly every place of amusement was largely at ended, some of the theatres being so crowded that it was impossible to accommodate all the sanguine admittance. The state of affairs continued until New Year's eve, when the great storm of sleet and rain set in, which c ntinued the balance of the week, sadly interfering with business of all kinds, but more especially with the theatrical entertainments, and on New Year's day and evening, which many, no doubt looked forward to with visions of golden rays, the attendance was limited, for the dirty rain storm of the day kept the million at home, and effectually put a quietus on the New Year's holiday..... "A Flash of Lightning," no matter what the figure denotes as to the quality of the entertainment it took to a me purpose at the Arch Street Theatre, the house being crowded each night of its representation, save those evenings when the procession of the streets was too dangerous for celebrationism. In consequence of this success, "A Flash of Lightning" will be continued until further notice. .....Fox's American Varieties has also been favored with a like succession of crowded houses, and even up Now Year's afternoon there was quite a fair attendance present. "Jack the Giant Killer" is the holiday attraction at this house, seems to please old and young, while the *ballet*, which is, in fact, the standard card, increases in favor. At no th tre on Broadway New York is there to be seen a better looking, or more harmoniously costumed company of dancers than that presented by Manager Fox. Among other celebrated performers secured by the American for the holiday season may be mentioned O'Reardon, who extracts delicious melody from glass goblets filled with water, at the same time playing an accompaniment with his left hand on the piano. He performs some very difficult pieces, from the simple and touching negro melody to the dashing gems of Offenbach. But if we are to judge from a man's popularity by the applause he receives, there is "The Great Vivian" a head and shoulders above his fellows. Venturelli, *demurrer*; La Rosa, diton, with other decoreses of Terpsichore, are ranked among the choice attractions. The American is certainly doing a great business..... The Academy of Music should never have been chosen for the performances of Mrs. Scott Siddons, for it is too large for such a little body as Mrs. S. Stars who have made a high reputation in the legitimate line in other theatres have failed to attract remunerative audiences to the Academy. The lady's agent should have waited until another house offered rather than bring her cut at a large place like the Academy. She appeared during the past week in a number of her choice characters, in some of which she displayed considerable talent, while in others she did not appear to advantage. She closed on the 2d inst....."The Orange Girl" has suffered to fill the Walnut during the festive season; and in consequence of the favor with which it has been received, it will be retained on the bills for the present week. At its conclusion a version of "After Dark" is to be presented, under the direction of J. E. McDonough, the same as given some time ago at the Old Bowery, New York..... The Susan Galton Comic English Opera Troupe have steadily gained in favor at the Theatre Comique, and the audiences in attendance are respectable and appreciative. They offer a very entertaining series of pieces for the current week. On the 6th Offenbach's comic opera of "66" is to be given for the first time there. The performances are in keeping with the ease and homelike little theatre in which they are given. Manager J. C. Gregory is up for a benefit on the 7th.....The Academy of Music is in the hands of Messrs. Abel & Risley this week, who are preparing it for their grand Social Entertainment and Carnival, which takes place on Monday night next, 11th inst. The liberality and enterprise evinced by these gentlemen in the management of these annual carnivals has always secured them a large list of subscribers, showing that the public of Philadelphia are always disposed to encourage enterprise, no matter in what shape it may be exhibited. This year's Carnival, judging from the Abel management displayed and the extensive preparations making, will be equally interesting to the onlookers as to the active participants in the tableaux and dances. New York, we hear, will be well represented on the occasion.....The Chestnut Street Theatre is closed for the present, and the partnership recently existing between Wm. B. Sinn and Charles Davis has been dissolved by mutual consent. The establishment is now offered for rent.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON is the current star at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., appearing in "Rip Van Winkle."

WOOD BENSON announced the opening on New Year's ev under his management, of Wood's Theatre, Louisville, K with the "Daughter of the Regiment."

FRANK MAYO is the next star at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., to be followed by Mrs D. P. Bowers.

MISS FANNIE S. PRICE concluded her engagement at Houston, Texas, on Dec. 26, and co mmenced a second engagement of two weeks at Galveston, Texas, on Dec. 28th. Miss Price has purchased a new play, by Augustus Waldour, entitled "Fifty Fingers." She will produce it at the St Charles Theatre, New Orleans, in February.

DAVEY AND MCMASTER'S COMBINATION opened Kenosha, Wis., on Dec. 28. J. W. Wilson, ballet master, and A. A. Maller, comedian, has joined the troupe. They opened in Racine, Wis., Jan. 1, for one week.

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KATE RAYMOND AND O. B. COLLINS, with their sagacious steed, Black Bess, were at Atlanta, Ga., on the 29th ult., having filled an engagement at Columbus, Ga., and at Montgomery, Ala. This week, commencing on the 4th, they perform at Wilmington, N. C. For additional particulars read their Memphis card in another column.

THE EVANSVILLE, IND., THEATRE closed on Dec. 26.

MR. AND MISS COULDOCK opened an engagement at the Galveston, Texas, Theatre, on Dec. 15, in "Chimney Corner" and "Handy Andy," followed on Dec. 16 by "Richelieu," 17th by "William Capps," 18th, "Chimney Corner," and repeated on the 19th. "Don Cæsar de Bazan" on the 21st, &c. Our correspondent says:—"J. Frank Noyes, who has been the leading business here, went up to Houston on the 21st to join the company there, and J. G. Beckett, who has been playing business here in his place..... The Houston Theatre opened on the 24th, under the management of the Greenwall Brothers, with Fanny Denham as leading lady, who appeared in 'Pocahontas' for the opening performance; on the 15th, 'L ah' was played, J. G. Beckett as Rosenstein, George Morton as Lorens, and Miss Maud S. Leon as Maria, who rendered good support. On the 16th, 'Madeline, the Belle of the Faubourg,' was presented, with J. G. Becket as Remy, George Morton as Dr. Apient, and Maude St. Leon as the Countess Adelaide, the performance concluding with a nancy dance by Miss Ella Wegner, and the farce of "Bom ombaling." On the 17th, 'Little Barefoot' and "Bamboozling" were performed. On the 18th, for the benefit of Miss Price, 'Nobody's Daughter,' was presented, followed by a *pas de deux* by Misses Wesner and St. Leon. On the 19th, or the *matinee*, 'Fanchou' was given, and in the evening, 'Lucretia Borgia,' with Miss Price in the title *role*, J. G. Beckett as Alphonse, George Morton as Gubetta, and C. H. Matthews as Jeppo. On Dec. 21 'East Lynne' was played, with J. F. Noyes as Francis Levison, and C. H. Matthews as John Dill. On the 22d 'Leah' was repeated, with Rosenstein, Rosenstein. Dunkes has been engaged for her honor from California, who is highly e corced from two to three times. He possesses a remarkably high soprano voice. Dan Bryant's burlesque of "Genevieve de Brent" continues in favor with the audience, and receives from three to four encores each evening.

"THE CITY MESSENGER" is the title of a new local drama by John F. Poole, presented at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening, in which Tony appears as a succulitive Yankee. Wm. H. Anderson and his two pupils, Frank and Willie, appear this week in gymnastic acts. Frank Kerr, Johnny Thompson and the entire company appear in favorite acts. Business continues excellent at this establishment.

TAMMANY was not opened last week, as announced. As soon as it is opened to the public we will bronicl the fact.

MESSRS. KELLY AND LYON announce the piece t as the last week on their stay in this city, as they have received tempting offers to visit London, and have come ided to dissove of their business and after the holiday season they will sail for England early in April. Their minstrel hall is one of the handsomest and m st completely fitted up theatres in the city, and is exc ially adapted for light burlesque entertainm n, for which purpose we understand it is to be devoted as soon as Messrs. K. and L. close. For the closing week the minstrels appear in the burlesque of "Gin-nerieve," produced the past week with great succ ss, and in w ich Messrs. Sanridge and Brockway, as the two gendarmes, are called out from four to five times each night. The m rchen and acting are excellent, and elicit shouts of laughter. The Tyrolean Singers are also very good, and rece ve an encore each evening. Lew Dockstader's Dogan is very good, and he imitates Rose Bell to per fection. Offers he received from England have induced him to effect an engagement with a leading London manager for six months, and it his intention to produce the burlesque operas of "The Grand Dutch," "La Belle Helene," "Barber Bin" and "Gin-nerieve," as a regular London theatre.

KATE NEWTON continues very ill at her residence in this city.

A NEW COMER.—Mary Blake—now the wife of Bobbie Newcomb—is sick. It is expec ed that her trouble will weigh about eight pounds.

MESSRS. THOMPSON AND RICOS, two gentlemen well known in the profession as performers, and who of late have b en actively engaged in the dramatic agency business in the Bowery, have, owing to the great increase of business, purchased the Wetmore Drama ic Agency, formerly known as Frank Rivers' Agency, and have established themselves at 512 Broadway, two door to the Theatre Comique, where they are prepared to furnish at all times all that may be required o them. For particulars see advertisement.

MR. ROBERT M. DEWITT, theatrical book publisher, who was sued in the Superior Court by Henry D. Palmer, to restrain him from selling or publishing the comedy of "Pity," has got a favorable decision from Judge Garvin, who dissolved the injunc ion, with $10 costs.

MLLE. MONTAGUE, with her *ballet* troupe, Rose Massey and several other English artists, will appear at Wood's Museum in connection with the Ethi pian.

A FOWL PROCEEDING.—Edwin Adams got into a difficulty with an accident at the house of his in Buffalo last week. He was "out for fun," was having a friend, Mr. Bleke Lansing, as his fancy took, when one little spurt with some of Mr. Adams bore the scars of many of them, a veteran game cock, his poisonous spur into Mr. Lansing's leg. Mr. Lansing flew at him and Morgan to swell, and in a very few minutes after Adams' instep. Soon the leg assumed gigantic size. Physicians were summoned, but their services became three days and a very narrow escape from lockjaw, but he is now out with no further inclination to be pla with his game cock.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN opened a three nights' engagement at the Rochester, N. Y., Theatre, on Dec. 28th, with the following cast:—Undine, Miss Marion Clif Dec. 28th, with the following cast:—Undine, Miss Marion Clif Dec. 28th, with the Meldrum; Dönderstoff, Ward; Agatha, Miss Hilda Bridget, Miss Richmond; Nymphidia, Miss Miss Adele Palmer; Kuhleborn, J. Sawcelle; Gyblin, W. M. Southon; Jennie Wilton, Virginia. For some reason the curtain did not rise until twenty minutes past eight o'clock, consequently the audience evinced by these gentlemen in the management of these annual carnivals has always secured them a large list of subscribers, showing that the public of Philadelphia are always disposed to encourage enterprise, no matter in what shape it may be exhibited. This year's Carnival, judging from the Abel management displayed and the extensive preparations making, will be equally interesting to the onlookers as to the active participants in the tableaux and dances. New York, we hear, will be well represented on the occasion.....The Chestnut Street Theatre is closed for the present, and the partnership recently existing between Wm. B. Sinn and Charles Davis has been dissolved by mutual consent. The establishment is now offered for rent.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON is the current star at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., appearing in "Rip Van Winkle."

WOOD BENSON announced the opening on New Year's ev under his management, of Wood's Theatre, Louisville, K with the "Daughter of the Regiment."

FRANK MAYO is the next star at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., to be followed by Mrs D. P. Bowers.

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...ness are higher than ever in our times, and advertising very expensive (as it is now the style for all Hall shows to bill almost to excessive as a rule). Taxes and licenses have to be paid, or no show. Every Hall in town has its license, tax, and revenue collector at your heels; but the worst swindle of all is that in many places some would-be smart fellow announces himself & Co. at enormous bill-posters and bears up or licenses all the prominent dead walls in the hamlet, and charges extravagant prices for them, besides four to six cents per sheet for posting. In olden times an agent ahead could get into a town, bill it himself with a little help, and get out with from two to five dollars expenses. Nowadays it costs thirty, and, in some places, fifty dollars for the same work. It is to be hoped that managers and agents will soon come to some general understanding to abate this wrong.

A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR wants a partner, or can be engaged. See W. W. Wilton's card in another column.

PARKHURST AND THOMPSON concerthed at Marengo, Iowa, Dec. 22th. Dr. Irish is ahead as agent.

THE "MIRROR OF ITALY" is on exhibition through Iowa.

THE ALLEGHANIANS VOCALISTS AND BURNS TRIO were concerting at Chicago, Christmas. New Year's season opened at Burtis' Opera House, Davenport, and engaged at to Des Moines, the capital of the state.

THE FRANK LUBRARD FAMILY were laying, dancing, and to last seasons.

JOHN BOGAN continues to teach jig and ... mean's ne are banjos. See his card elsewhere in our advertisements.

CARRIE MOORE makes known thro' my connected with tisement columns that she is not i... Messrs. Harvey and Johnson. ...performer, advertises that

CHARLES WEISSTHAN, the scen... act running order, is advertised he can be engaged.

THE SLAM STEAM MUSICK, jub, whose card see elsewhere.

...tined for sale by Gen. K. G. were billed for Mobile, Ala., for

GEN. TOM IRWIN and ...bo. 1st.

...two nights, commencing closed in Memphis, Tenn., on Dec.

THE HANLON CRUSOE Vicksburg, Miss., for four nights, and 28th, and went thence 1st. They are in New Orleans at the were at Jackson, this and next week.

St. Charles THE BROTHERS commence a series of exhibitions at Metropolis in Pittsburgh, Pa., this week.

BLIND BILL LOCKHART is to give a concert at Rochester, Minn., on Jan. 6th. Her route ahead is as follows:—Toronto, 7 and 8th; Cleveland, O., 11th; Pittsburgh, 13th and ... Columbus, O., 16th, and Cincinnati week commencing 18. Miss Kellogg is accompanied by Miss Alida Topp, Sig. ...otti, Sig. Petrith and Herr Kopta.

HORACE GREELEY is advertised to deliver a lecture at Rochester, N. Y., on the 8 h. Subject—"Self Made Men."

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR is announced to secure at Rochester, N. Y., January 7th. Subject—"Horizon Breakers, or the Egg and the Eagle."

PROF. LORENZO, under the management of Col. C. P. Sherman, is announced for six entertainments at Branin' Hall, Harrisburg, commencing on the 4th inst.

SPOFFY HIMAN is billed for three nights at Sanford's Opera House, Harrisburg, the 24, 4th and 5th inst.

THE PEAK FAMILY (old) will give an entertainment at Morristown, Pa., on the 8 h.

THE FAKIR OF AVA and Whitson, the humorist, appear at St. James Hall, Buffalo, on the 4th.

WADE'S PANORAMA OF ITALY opens in Davenport, Iowa, on Jan. 4th.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY perform in Hamilton, Canada, on Jan. 5 h, 11th and 14th.

ALF BURNETT AND JAMES TAYLOR, with their variety troupe, appeared at the Fourth Street theatre, Cincinnati, on Dec. 21th, 27th and 28th, drawing fine houses.

MRS. YELVERTON gave a reading at Hopkins' Hall, Cincinnati, on Dec. 26th, to a beggarly array of empty chairs. As a reader she is pronounced inferior to many of the ladies in the amateur clubs of the city, and her charge—one dollar—was a trifle too much, as she discovered when too late.

"SAINTINE, OR THE STARS," a minstrel song, can be had of J. Henry Whitemore & Co., who advertise in another column.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE, at Rutland, Vt., was dedicated on Dec. 29th, by Parepa Rosa. A description of the building is furnished us by our Troy correspondent "Moss" who took a trip into the Green Mountains. He says:—"The Opera House is situated on the west side of Merchants' Row, one of the main streets; its front is built of Milwaukee brick and is four stories in height and fronts to the east. The Opera House occupies the entire third and fourth stories and is reached from the street by a flight of thirty steps which leads you to the second story of the building. At the head of these stairs is the ticket office. From the southern stairway there is a stage entrance leading to the green room and connecting with the stage, this obviates the necessity of performers passing through the audience. Upon arriving at the end of the second flight of stairs you are in the main hall, which is twenty-seven feet in height, from the stage to the rear of the hall is sixty-one and its width fifty-one feet. The parquet is forty-four feet and has seats for 352 persons, and by crowding in camp stools along the aisles will accommodate at least one hundred more. Every one of these seats commands a fine view of the stage. The parquet circle back of the parquet has seats arranged for ninety-six persons. The balcony running around three sides of the hall has 263 seats, each row being raised some six or eight inches, so that those occupying the front row do not obstruct the view of those back of them. The different seats in parquet, parquet circle and balcony are chairs made expressly for use in this hall. The stage is twenty-two feet deep by fifty-one f et in length; the proscenium opening is twenty two feet wide by eighteen feet high. Below the stage are two dressing rooms. Above the stage and extending the whole length is an extensive rigging loft, with all the appliances of a first class theatre. The auditorium is lighted by twenty-five two light bronze brackets with globes attached; the stage is also brilliantly lighted by twenty-three foot-lights. The aisles and stairways are covered with a substantial matting, while the stage is a fine maple floor which can be revealed at pleasure. The drop curtain is made of rich green baize, the border is a combination of colors representing rich and heavy drapery, and is a fine piece of art. The scenery, when completed, will consist of a complete set of stock scenery. The building is heated with hot air from two coal furnaces in the basement and is properly ventilated."

A PANORAMA LECTURER is advertised for in another column.

BOOSEY & Co. who advertise in another column, are prepared to supply Distin's English Brass Band instruments.

GERARD BROS., gymnasts, advertise that they can be engaged.

Amateur.

THE PUPILS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL of St. Joseph, Mo., gave a performance at Old Fellows' Hall, on Dec. 26th, consisting of "William Tell" and "The Little Rebel." A correspondent says:—"J. S. Crosby, the principal of the school, as Tell, gave satisfaction. He was well supported by Miss Jeanne E. Robidoux, who, as Emma, exhibited a degree of talent of no mean order. Her speeches were well given. Robert E. Pencoyd, as Albert, won deserved applause, although this was his first appearance. William D. Rusk, as Gesler, was much better in the second than in the third act. His first speech was remarkably fine. The 'Little Rebel' was well played, with William R. Hallam Stephen Poppincourt, A. P. Curtain as Arthur Ormston. Miss Helen A. Warner, as Laura, was fair. Kitty Vinks was well done by Miss Jeanne C. Robidoux. On the 29h they repeated the performance, with 'Family Jars' for the farce."

THE SEVENTH SEASON of the Garrison Amateurs of Montreal, Canada, was inaugurated at the Theatre Royal, on Dec. 29. "On" was the comedy attraction with the amateurs on the east, assisted by Mrs. C. Hill as Lady Shenkren, Georgiana Reynolds as Mary Netley and Kate Raimond as Blanche. At the close of the comedy a dance was indulged in.

THE FALSTAFF DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of this city met in regular meeting on Dec 28th, at their rooms, No. 82 Stanton street, the President, A. Kruse, in the chair; F. Jensen, Vice-President; Wm. Lucas, Secretary; T. Sommerhuber, cashier. The members are now arranging for a soiree, which is to take place at No. 52 Stanton street, on the evening of the 11th of January.

THE CINCINNATI SHAKESPEARE CLUB is to produce "Pocahontas," with all of the music &c, on Jan. 5th. Mr. Guilford assumes the part of John Smith, O. J. Dodds Powhattan, and Mrs. W. H. Moore Pocahontas ..... the Davenport lab. of the same city, after a long rest, is to give "Hamlet" on the 8 h inst.

THE ROCK CITY SERENADERS—a western organization—gave their first performance at Masonic Hall, Nashville, on Dec. 29th. This entertainment was gotten up for the benefit of the orphans. The press speaks highly of their first attempt. The next entertainment will come off on Jan. 4th. The new song, "Out in the Streets," will be sung.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON SHOW NEWS.—More theatres are open now in London with holiday attractions than ever before. The public have very little idea of the talent, labor, thought and money expended every Christmas in London in the production of amusements. A theatre where pantomime is to be produced, is, for the time being, a hive of industry, in which every resource which talent can suggest, labor execute, or thought conceive, is brought into play. Pantomime, however, at the West End, is now confined wholly to the two principal theatres—Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and, with the exception of the Lyceum, no other West End theatre will present the holiday folks with a pantomime. Burlesque, on the other hand, will be liberally represented, and a new burlesque will grace the stage of nearly every other theatre. At the Haymarket, Adelphi, Princess', Queen's, Olympic, Strand, New Royalty, Holborn, Globe, Standard and Alexandra theatres no change has been made, nor has alteration of importance occurred in the proceedings at the Holborn Amphitheatre ..... "Monte Cristo" has been revived at the Victoria, and has been followed by "Adrift on the World," ..... At the Britannia, "Less Limb," "The Beggar's Petition" and "The Secret Mark" have been produced..... "The Divorce" and "Nearly Lost" have been the attractions at the New East London, and "Damon and "Pythias," "Othello," and "The Outlaw's Vision" at the Pavilion..... "Never Too Late to Mend" has been revived at the Grecian..... "Fame Cats," a drama by Mr. Yates, was produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on Dec. 12 h. The Daily *Globe Wires* of Dec. 14th says: "That Mr. Yates comprehended the peculiar requirements of the Prince of Wales' company, when he sat down to write 'Fame Cats,' is very evident in the construction of the drama, for it exhibits perfect novelty of treatment, so far as its author's previous work is concerned. But, on the other hand, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the courage with which Mr. Yates has broken new ground has not been rewarded with the success we suppose all efforts ought to obtain. To have to announce the disastrous production of a piece is always a very regretable task, but, at the same time, it must be conceded on all sides that a timid withholding of an evident truth is a less respectable operation than candidly admitting that a mistake has been made. Error somewhere has been committed in the production of 'Fame Cats' at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. Miss Wilton can, of course, afford to bear with this one reverse which has met her in that lady's managerial career. 'Fame Cats' is the first piece which has not obtained a triumphant success at the little theatre in the Tottenham-court-road, since that small dramatic jewel was polished out of the very rough material which was styled the Queen's. No effort has been spared to make the work a success. Mr. Yates, for instance, has endeavored, with noble energy, to suit the company, which is at once the most to be dreaded and the most to be courted in London; for while its members can make a reputation on the one hand, on the other their acting vividly brings out weakness. Again, the scene painter has produced some superb settings for the play, while of the company it is needless to say that every actor or actress making one in it is clever and careful. In fact, Miss Wilton's great achievement appears to be the attraction to her house of all the floating ability that rises on the dramatic tide. It is regretably to be said that the piece met with rather a stormy reception. With alterations and amendments it may succeed, but the general opinion is against it".....

Mr. Rothern was to re-appear at the Haymarket Theatre on the boxing night in the "Ellers of Romance," after which he will sustain the leading part in a new and original drama, written by T. W. Robertson. His departure for New York, to open at Booth's new theatre, will take place in September next ..... Miss Amy Sheridan has quite recovered from her late severe indisposition, and was to make her re-appearance at the Royal Grand Theatre, in "A Comical Countess" on Dec. 14th..... Benefits are in order. That of Mr. Addison was announced for Dec. 18 h, when "Nine Points of the Law" was to be revived, as an extra attraction to the stereotyped performance of the "King of Scots" and "Beds." Mr. Robertson, the acting manager to Mr. Vining, took two nights (Dec. 21st and 23d) for his, amongst the attractions of which were some vocal entertainments by his wife, Miss Rebecca Isaacs. N. 23 on the list, and on the night following, comes Miss Bateman, with "Pierre," for Dec. 24th—the last night but one of her appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, at which she takes her farewell on Dec. 24 h ..... The St. James' Theatre was positively announced to open on Dec. 26th, boxing night, under the directorship of Mlle. La Porte, the performances to consist of a new and original comedy, entitled "Glitter," by Gilbert A'Beckett, and the extravaganza, expressly revived by its author, Planché, of "The Yellow Dwarf and Golden Branch." The Princess' Theatre in the Broadstone, originally built by Mr. Calcraft, and subsequently the part of the city produced by Mr. ... under whose management Miss ... made her debut, is now being enlarged by Miss ... whom the theatre is to be named after. Among the company engaged are Miss Maria Simpson, and Messrs. ... Sadler's Wells Miss Hasleden is announced for the opening of the theatres by announcing ... and Shakespeare's "Othello" alternates with ... "Wife's Secret," Mr. Creswick sustaining the leading ... in each. The pantomime announced to Boxing night ... entitled "Jack and Gill." ..... "Grimalkin the Great; or, Harlequin Puss in Boots and the Miller's Son," is the pantomime, by E. L. Blanchard, presented at Drury Lane. The harlequinade is supported by a double pantomime company, including Messrs. Harry Boleno, C. Lauri and Paul Herring..... "Robinson Crusoe; or, Friday and the Faimes," is the pantomime at Covent Garden, by A. Harris, who has introduced a procession of Amazons, serpent charmers, Aztec guards, bird dancers, ostrich cavalry, Ethiopie minstrels, alligator chariots, etc. The comic business will be of a novel character, introducing a trained troupe of dogs. In particular should a scene of Lord's Cricket Ground, Eton and Harrow-day, during a match, be mentioned, and where, at its conclusion, twelve ladies join the renowned players in a characteristic dance, whose faultless and matchless toilette is, it is said, no less in the aggregate than four hundred guineas. The Paynes are again the fun makers, and Miss Maria Harris, Miss Nellie Power (a new importation to the London stage), Miss Lavine, Mr. Stoyle and a *premiere danseuse* from the principal theatres of Italy, Madlle Lambertini, are engaged ..... "Harlequin Humpty Dumpty and Dame Trot and Her Cat; or, The Old Woman from Baby Land, and the Bachelor who Lived by Himself," is the title of the pantomime offered by Mr. Smith in the Lyceum. In the company are: Harlequi , Mr. Fawdon Yokes; Pantaloon, Mr. Beckingham; Sprites, Messrs. Almonds and Delavanti; Columbines, Miss Jessie Yokes, and Clown, the great Little Rowella. ..... At the Holborn the Christmas novelty was to be a grand fairy extravaganza, written by W. Brough, entitled "Turco the Terrible, or, The Fairy Roses."..... The St. James was to open on Boxing Night with Mdlle. de la Porte as lessee, and a new comedy and the extravaganza: "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood."..... The Queen's Theatre produces William Brough's magical fairy extravaganza, called "The Gnome King and the Fairy of the Silver Mine."..... The pantomime of "Queen Lucidora, the Fair One with the Golden Locks; or, Harlequin Prince Graceful, the Carp, the Owl, and the Crow," is given at Sadler's Wells. J. G. Ethair is Clown; T. Robbins Pantaloon; Miss Stephens Columbine; Sig. L. Stocchi Harlequin ..... "Jack and Gill and the Sleeping Beauty; or, Harlequin Humpty Dumpty," is the pantomime of the Surrey. The pantomists are: Mr. Croueste, Mr. Gellini, Mr. Sylvain, and the Misses Duvalli..... The pantomime of the Victoria is "Bloff King Hal; or, Harlequin Herne the Hunter, and the Merry Wives of Windsor." The pantomime at the Britannia is "Mother Goose" in a new form is presented at the Alexandra. Unlike the general run of pantomimists, the characters in the opening also take upon themselves, as originally in the days of Grimaldi, the weight of the harlequinade:—Harlequin a la Watteau, Miss Louisa Collier; Columbine a la Watteau, Miss Eliza Hamilton; Pantaloon, Mr. Charles Steyne; and Clown, Mr. Edward Giovannelli..... At the Britannia the Christmas spectacle is "Bhutcherran Bhuthrum; or, The Dwarf of the Diamond Dell." Edward Dean, as Harlequin; Jean Louis, as Clown; W. Newham, Pantaloon; Mesdames C. este Stephan and Rose Nathan, Columbines; and the Brothers Carlotte (Jean, Pedro, and Gomez), Sprites. Mr. Thomas will also appear and execute the feat of shooting an apple off his wife's head..... The pantomime at the Grecian is entitled "The Flying Dutchman; or, Harlequin, the Riddles of the Sphynx or the Pretty Princess who was made by a Charm," written by Messrs. G. Conquest and H. Spry. Clown, Dolf Rowells; Harlequin, W. Osmond; Pantaloon, R. Power; Columbines, Misses Dorling and Howe; Harlequin a la Watteau, Miss Gerrish..... "Bluff King Hal; or, Harlequin the Miller of Dee," is done at the Pavilion. Miss Wentworth, Miss Lysel, Miss Emma Austen, Miss Willes, the favorite vocalist, Mr. H. Elton, Sturdy, Holland, Largentitz, Messrs. J. Rickets, W. and F. Rickett, and Madame Pauline appear in the pantomime..... The forthcoming pantomime at the New East London bears the title of "Aladdin; or, Harlequin and the Bronze Horse," and is from the pen of R. Soutar. The pantomimists engaged to appear in the harlequinade are: Clown, Little Grimaldi as Clown, Wilkins Molenoe as Harlequin, G. Lewis as Pantaloon, Madame Colonna as Harlequina a la Watteau, two Columbines, and the Etoile Family as Sprites ..... At the Crystal Palace, E. T Smith offers this year "Harlequin Little Boy Blue, and Little Bo-Peep who Lost her Sheep." A variety of other amusements are provided, including Elmont's (late Wombwell's) great Menagerie, King Theodore's Horse Hammal, the Prize Ox, Pulleyn's Circus, &c. The usual Great Fancy Fair will extend the entire length of the two naves. The decorations of the building with flags, banners, wreaths, shields, escutcheons of motives, &c., are on that scale of grandeur which can only be attempted at the Crystal Palace..... Mr. and Mrs. German Reed appear at the Royal Gallery of Illustrations in an entertainment called "Inquire Within." During the absence of John Parry, Frank Matthews will take his character, and a *debutante* of much promise, Mlle. Rosa D'Erina, will appear, in "Inquire Within" and as the heroine of a new musical extravaganza, which has been taken from the French, by F. Reece, and will be brought out under the title of "The Maid of the Paladins"..... Christy's Minstrels appear in St. James' Great Hall during the holidays..... Susan Denin, the American actress, is in London, waiting for engagements..... Lina Windel, *danseuse*, has arrived in London from New York.

MRS. ARTHUR BENTLEY, nee Miss Clara Hayward, who for many years held a position as a *danseuse* at the principal London Theatres, has just died "Little Ellar," as she was called, married on Christmas day, 1866, Mr. Bentley, then a member of the Princess' company, to whom she was ... years, on Dec. 4th (five days after the birth of her second child), she succumbed to an attack of scarlatina, which proved fatal in a few hours. She was only twenty-one years of age. ..... E. A. Sothern re-appeared at the Haymarket on Boxing Night in "A Hero of Romance." After which a new travestie on Lord Lytton's play of "The Rightful Heir" by F. C. Burnand, entitled "The Frightful Hair," in which Mr. Compton, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Weathersby, Miss Coe, Miss Ione Burke, Miss Fanny Wright and Miss Fanny Gwynne (her first appearance) appeared..... The Holborn Amphitheatre and Circus announced for Boxing Night a spectacular pantomime, entitled the "Marvels of Electricity." ..... Fred. Evans, having quite recovered from his late accident, was to appear on Dec. 21st at the Alhambra in a new sensational comic *ballet*, entitled the "Storm Fiend;" and on Christmas eve at the Canterbury Hall, in a *ballet d'action* and transformation, entitled *Guinevere*..... The "Lancashire Lass," at the Queen's theatre, has been witnessed by upwards of 230,000 persons. J. L. Toole re-appeared here on Boxing Night and appeared in the magical, fairy extravaganza, called the "Gnome King and the Fairy of the Silver Mine," written by W. Brough.

HELLER, the American magician and pianist, closed an engagement in Greenwich, Eng., on Dec. 19th, and was to leave for America on Dec. 30th.

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, LIVERPOOL, Barry Sullivan's return visit after his severe accident has proved a great success. The tragedian has performed in "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Money," to over-crowded houses.

CHARLES MILLWARD again supplies the pantomime for the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, and he has his year selected for his subject the old story of "The Forty Thieves." Miss Julia St. George was to appear in the opening. Mr. Millward has also been engaged by Mr. Chatter on to furnish the Christmas piece for the Theatre Royal, Hull. The novelty bears the appropriate title of "Robins n Crusoe; or, Harlequin Hull Sailor Boy," and Miss Cicely Nott and Mr. John Rouse are specially engaged for the leading parts.

A NEW COMEDY by T. W. Robertson is about to be rehearsed at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London.

A NEW DRAMA, by M. Victor Sejour, entitled "La Madone des Roses," has been brought out at the Gaite Theatre Paris.

M. CARAMOUCHE, one of the most prolific of French dramatic authors, died on Dec. 15th, at the age of 71. He had married Mdlle. Jane Vertpre, a celebrated actress at the Theatres des Varietes.

MISSIE HAUCK is in Paris, where she is expected shortly to appear at the Italiens, and for the *first* time, although several of our continentalities have already given criticisms of her performances there, which have as yet existed in their imaginations alone.

THE PRINCIPAL NEWS of interest in Paris theatricals is that Fraschini, the eminent tenor, has quite decided health as an excuse for getting off an engagement entered into with the director of the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburg, and that the latter is about to bring an action against him, in which the damages are laid at £4,000 for breach of contract. Secondly, that Mdlle. Schneider does not decline to fulfil her engagement with the director of the theatre at Cairo, and the Grand Duchess is right, seeing that for her services for fifteen nights as actress and directress h r highness is to receive the modest sum of £10,000, with other perquisites not mentioned in the contract. Mdlle. Schneider, before finally bidding adieu to the Theatre des Varietes, where she has so long been the idol, will appear in a round of her favorite parts, first and foremost the one to which she is so greatly indebted—"La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein."

TWO VAUDEVILLES have been produced at two of the minor theatres in Paris. At the Theatre des Folies Marigny, which was some three or four years since, under the direction of Herr Offenbach—"Grand Duchess" Offenbach, the one entitled "A la Barque! a la Barque!" in three acts and a prologue, is the production of M. M. de Jallais and Alexandre Flan, and has found favor with both the press and the public. The other, with the bizarre title of "Zine la fia," is written by the last named author, Mr. Flan, and produced at the Theatre des Nouveautes with nearly equal success.

"MASTER SINGER OF NAUREMBERG" is the opera for January for the Dresden Opera House.

FRANK LISCHI, aged ten years, is playing Mendelssohn's music at concerts in England.

PATTI has been lately troubled with a hoarseness that rendered her upper notes inaudible.

TYROLESE singers are becoming popular again in England.

BONEWITZ, an orchestral leader, lately of Philadelphia is giving a series of cheap classical concerts in Paris.

MADAME SENYAH.—Some few particulars relative to this celebrated gymnast may possibly not be uninteresting to our readers, who doubtless have been delighted by her wondrous and elegant performances. "Madame Senyah, the lady gymnast and equestrienne, was born at Boston, America, in 1844, and at the early age of seven made her *debut* at Astley's Royal Circus. After remaining there for some period, and attaining the highest proficiency in her profession, she visited most of the circuses and theatres in the United Kingdom; but it was in her great character as Mazeppa that she made such tremendous hits before immense audiences at Birmingham, Brighton, Portsmouth, Southampton, and other important towns. In February, 1867, she burst upon the play going publ c as the first lady gymnast in England, and since that period has held an elevated position in the art to which few can hope to aspire. To air at elegance in her evolutions she adds the greatest coura e and daring, and her "leap for life" displays what appears to be such a vast amount of intrepidity that the audience scarcely seems to be sat sfied until they behold her safely landed at the other extremity of the bill. As it is impossible to do just ice to this accomplished and talented lady, we cordially recommend our readers to go and see her and judge for themselves.—*Illustrated Sporting and Theatrical News, May 23d, 1868.*

A SLEIGHING PARTY DROWNED.—A distressing accident is reported to have occurred at Jackson, Pa., on Thursday, 24th ult., to a sleighing party, while on their way to Erie, to attend a Christmas entertainment. The report is to the effect that the party—some thirty in number—was riding in a large sleigh, and, in order to shorten the distance, the driver was directed to go across lots. In doing so, in order to smash the road again, a pond had to be crossed. Unfortunately, the ordinal ice had been cut, the place being at the time closed by a thin sheet of ice. This was not our road and the team, upon being driven upon the ice, immediately went through. The report we have says that thirty persons were drowned, some of the party but the driver escaping.

NOVA SCOTIAN SPORTS.

Sporting affairs among the blue noses are not very honorably conducted, we should judge, from the appended quotation from the Halifax *Chronicle*. It says that—"There are not in Halifax many 'sports,' but there are a few always ready to go their 'little pies' on the event of a horse race or a boat race. Our sports, as a rule, are not the genuine article; they are not 'loud' in their costumes, nor yet fat in their purses. Their bets, in the majority of instances, are of the 'ten dollars order, not of the hundred or thousand. It is not that they are unwilling to bet on many occasions, but because they are without the necessary 'brads' to put up. On other occasions, when their stocks are up, they fail to find pigeons to pluck. Hence they do not, as a rule, make fortunes, though they manage to lead lives of comparative ease in superlative seediness. They are of aristocratic tendencies as a rule. Not afflicted with great knowledge of the English language or of anything else except fodder and horse; they are delighted with the company of some subaltern in a marching regiment who talks 'bawse' and that sort of thing. If he happens to be a 'sharp one' he helps them to 'rope in' the public, and they make him a hero at once. If he is a fool they love him, and squeeze or hug him until his tailor's dun is seen to frequent his door too often, and then cut him. He is no longer the *bien aimee* only the soft youngster with more money than brains, degenerated into the youngster with neither. He is no longer the prosperous miniature Marquis of Hastings, but the veriest cad—the incarnation of impudence. We have little pity for those who, in their efforts to attain the 'honorable dignity of sport,' toil through lack of brains and money to succeed, nor have we any deadly hatred of the 'sports' who get up bogus races, with the view of making a foul day's wages for a foul day's work. But there are others who require a little warning—the soft youths who venture a week's or a month's salary upon a race, of which they cannot even conjecture the result, and the venerable old gentlemen who love to see a good horse race condemned at others' expense, but would not give the tenth of a farthing to further any amusement. Nearly every one of our horse-races, or at least the majority of them, within the past two or three years, has been a 'dead swell.' You know which is the better horse and the better rider when two horses start, and yet you cannot venture to bet; but show a friendly, communicative member of the 'ring,' and you can invest your money as safely as you can in the most profitable legitimate business—say that of daily newspaper publishing. A trotting match between the fastest horse in the Province and a jackass, such as that which was Lamoreaux's 'Mary of Miramichi,' and he result in favor of the latter at anytime, for all the public could discover, provided our 'sports' had the management of the race. Even Shanks' mare, carrying a rider well touched in wind, might be backed for a mile heat against our Nova Scotian 'Flying Childers,' provided the 'ring' was satisfied. Should the ice form on the Basin this winter we may be treated to some more caricature of horse racing, but we trust the already 'often' and the unscorched, will refrain from taking or giving odds upon any race about which they are not fully informed. We turn now from the interesting subject of our horse racing to that more healthy one of our boat racing. It cannot be denied that of our men and boats we entertain the highest opinion. If Halifax was searched from Kissing Bridge to Africville, scarce a wretch could be found so depraved and unpatriotic as to believe that our champion sculler could not distance Kelley or Renforth, or one of our four-oared crews soundly whip the Paria crew of St. John. It is to be feared, however, that we talk too loud in this instance; we have good scullers and excellent oarsmen, but those with whom we wish to cope have proved their prowess, while we merely boast of ours. Years ago we beat St. John, and St. John beat us, and since then St. John has beaten the world. If we wish to claim the championship of the world we must do more than talk continually. We must train cross a buy or build boats, and enter with interest into our own Provincial boat races, and then we can challenge St. John, and perhaps wrest from that city its present proud distinction."

CHAMPIONSHIP BOWLING MATCH.—On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 12, an immense number of persons assembled on the Town Moor, Newcastle, Newland, to witness a bowling match over the mile, for £25 a side and the championship, between T. Saint of West Moor (champion of England), and W. Mycroft of North Seaton. The competitors are considered two of the best that ever lifted a bowl; indeed, Saint, the champion, has a list of performances which few can excel. After the unfortunate match between Saint and Mycroft, on Newbiggen Moor, about three weeks previous, the men were again matched to bowl over the Newcastle mile, with two 20oz. bowls. J. Harley was chosen referee; Lance Mordue trigged for Saint, and Billy Trimmell similarly officiated on behalf of Mycroft. Some heavy betting took place previous to the start at even, Mycroft being backed by a few admirers to win. The ground to accommodate the spectators. The champion led in the first throw by 31 yards; Mycroft's bowl shot to one side, struck a man a fearful blow on the back of the head, and brought him to grass. The injured spectator had to be immediately conveyed to Newcastle, where he was properly treated. At the second throw Saint increased his lead to eight yards, but at the third his bowl struck in a pool of water, and Mycroft by first by a yard. At the fourth attempt Mycroft jumped his command, and lay 15 yards in advance of his opponent's first throw. This advantage he increased to about 30 yards in the fifth throw, but in the sixth, he, too, was unfortunate, his bowl beating in a pool of water. Saint then got to the front, and led by three yards. As much as 2 to 1 was now laid on the chances of the champion. At the seventh bowl away Saint widened the gap to seven yards and at the next attempt by nine yards in advance. Three to one was now offered on Saint, such a good thing did it seem. At the last throw, however Mycroft, throwing with great care, made his bowl bat fair on the middle of the turnpike, and as it kept running on the road, he passed his opponent, and just won on the post by a yard and a half. It was admitted on all sides that a more exciting or better contested bowling match had never been witnessed in the north.

NOVEL BLACKSMITHING MATCH.—The match previously announced through our columns between Harry Clifton, mine host of the "Shades," and Bill Weaver, whose police is always to have odds of two to one, came off at the establishment of the Fox Brothers, West 34th street, on New Year's day. Both of the above named gentlemen were formerly Knights of the Anvil, but of late years have been taken under the fostering care of the fickle goddess, thereby rendering rehearsal of the anvil chorus unnecessary, and the match in question arose out of a discurs on regarding their muscular abilities, they agreeing to assist in making "crowd 'eel" for bollers, the one giving out first to forfeit a 100 and champagne supper. The novelty of the match attracted quite a large number of the friends of the rivals to the *locale*, among whom considerable betting in small amounts took place. The start was made at 11.30 A. M., each wielding a 14 h hammer, and after the striking had been kept up for thirty-four minutes and six seconds, during which each struck 1,068 blows, the exponent of the "three ball game" caved in, and Harry was proclaimed the victor. The superintendent of the match was from the Wharton Iron Works, in the Quaker City, assisted by the foreman of the Globe Works. During the progress of the match and after its decision considerable good humored chaffing was indulged in by those present, and then an adjournment was had to a favorite hostelrie in the neighborhood, where an hour or so was passed in a sociable manner. The men deserve much credit for the workmanlike manner in which they performed their task, which proved conclusively that the smiths for one have not been operated to their physical injury. We neglected to mention above that a test of the adjustment of the ex-foreman of Fox's shop's swing sixty pound hammer, striking a piece of iron half an inch thick at an elevation of two feet, 12 times in succession, upon a wager of champagne for the party that he could not do it three times.

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